VISIONS

Joe Namath

Debbie Boone

Ronnie Milsap

Leslie Gore

Nicolette Sheridan

Laura Dern

Thomas Hill

Jaqui Roper

* Oscar the Grouch -

Black Sabbath

Randy Jones

Dr. Mardi Nelson

Lee Meriwether

Lonnie Moore

John Mabry

Jim Morrison

Lisa Eichhorn

Dr. Nikki Lee

Lee Meriwether '82

Mary Williams

Dr. Hook

Rhonda J. Thomas

Jack Robertson

Brandy Johnson

Flame

Cecilia Peck

Tracy Williamson

Dr. Hook

Lynda Carter

Janis Joplin

Ann Marie Kerr

Tom Petty

Sandi McKeon Gordin

Mike Bullis

WALDEN
H.S. GRAD.
(J.H.)

ZIGGY STARDUST

Stephen Knight

Shawn Burge

Scott Stewart

Gary Balkus

Richie Ridley

Cherie Stewart

Derek James

Craig Stadler

Linda Shackelford

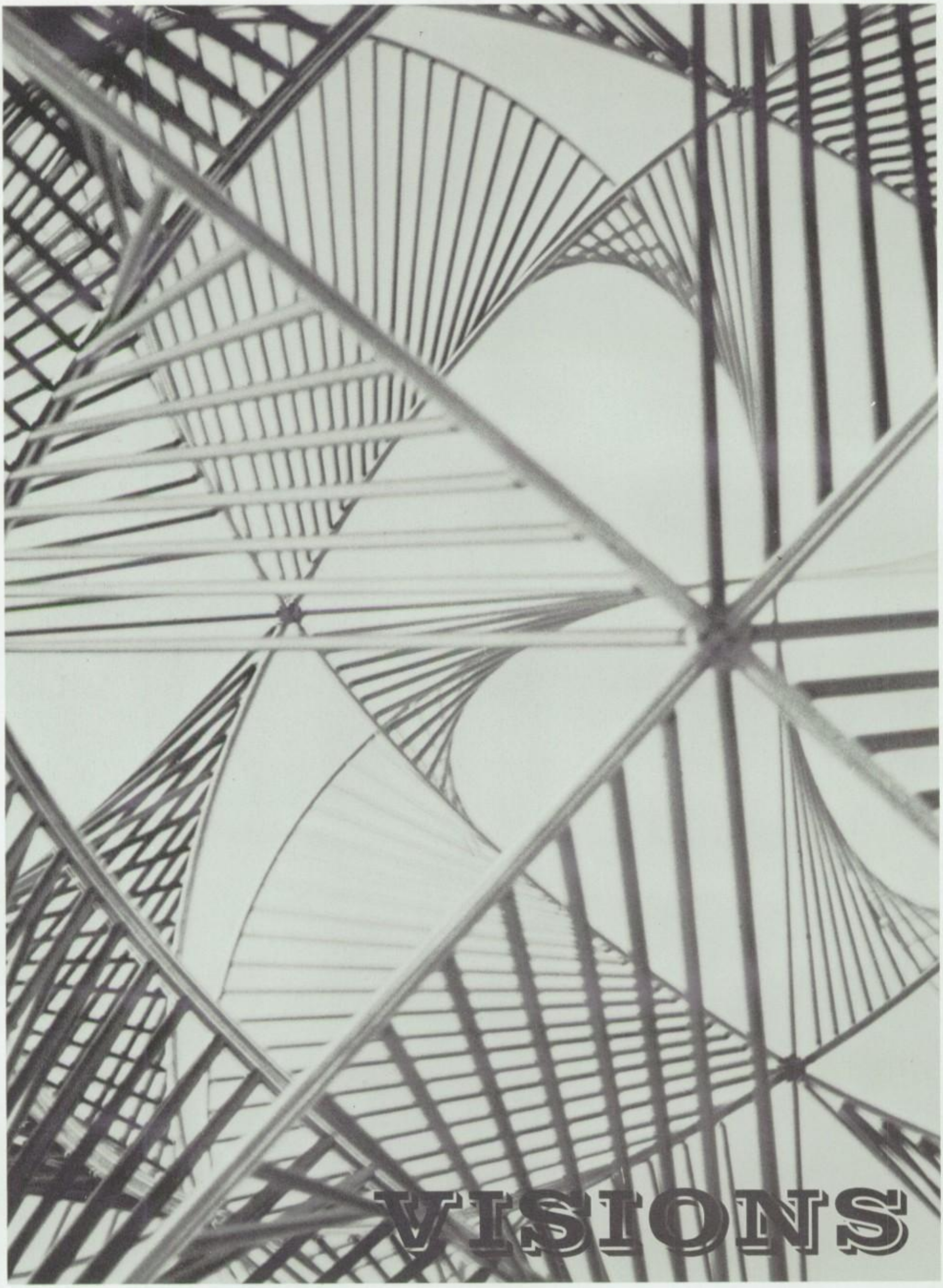
Lisa Peters

Karen Nagel

Debbie Lombardo

Steve Kuehler

Sean P. Sykes



VISIONS

VISIONS

...to form visions. They say that ...desires. At the time that I started ...ned that young people were sad ...prospects for jobs, sad about ...knowing that our ...session as a nation, it ...elp them back into the ...king it more relevant ...knew that the dreams ...were elusive.

...those of us who have formed the school, our ...encompassed varied learning styles, varied ...skills, varied personality types, multiple ...backgrounds.

...we have seen this thousand students take heart ...with their new-found visions of what they ...can become and how they can achieve ...goals.

...has been an exciting experience. I have not ...discouraged, only frustrated at times, but I still ...dreams aplenty and visions galore.

I want to dedicate this yearbook to the WALDEN ...DREAM.

Marie Loar

Because they had no school to send their kids to, a group of parents got together and asked Marie to make up a school. She didn't know whether the school would work or not, but she at least did know what *wouldn't* work. Big square rooms with rows of thirty or forty desks *wouldn't* work. Teachers who had become so frustrated in a huge, unfeeling system that they no longer considered themselves teachers *wouldn't* work. Rules, bells, hall passes, rules, dress codes, rules, *wouldn't* work. Setting up a mold and forcing every student into it *wouldn't* work.

Anyway, a small group of parents and Marie Loar formed Walden on July 18, 1970. A school where people worked together, a school where there's not always such a definite line between teachers and students, administration and faculty. Tom Miller named the school — there was a lot of interest in Thoreau's book *Walden* in those days — because it was to be a place where human beings slowed down, became quiet, and really allowed each other to try to learn, individually and together. It worked. It still works. And in its best moments it is an affirmation of the values of freedom, individuality, and human integrity.

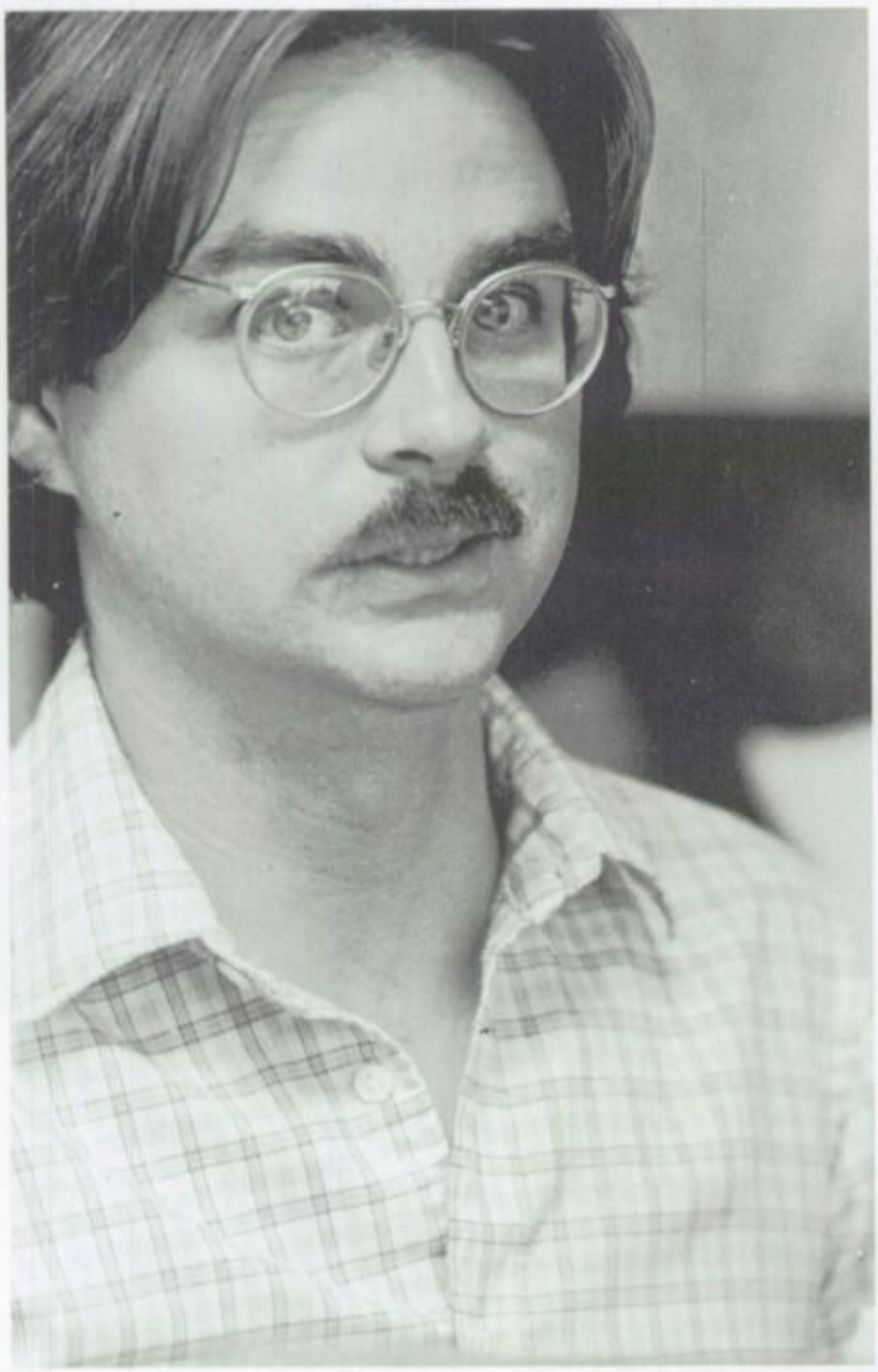
Walden started by renting space from a small church on Merrell Road in September, 1970, with forty students. As the school grew and the church became more and more disenchanted with a group of noisy, creative, long-haired students (the kids used the baptistry for a horror house on Halloween), Walden moved to its present location in 1972. Perry Nichols, a Dallas artist, had designed and built this unusual place. It didn't look like a school — but then, that wasn't something Walden had ever been accused of — looking like a school. Kids, parents, teachers, friends, all helped move into the house even before Mr. Nichols had finished moving out. Marie had always said you should do something when the time was right and work out the details when you could. January 1, 1972, seemed the right time.

The early days weren't much different from the later ones. Walden's always been a school for kids who weren't happy with school and for teachers who really wanted to teach. Learning and teaching sometimes got switched. Animals have been born, loved, and have died here. People have come and gone. Some of us have stayed longer than others. But we all know something for sure — That Walden has worked, and will be around for a long time to come because what happens here makes a difference, what happens here changes people, what happens here is important — it is education at its most honest and best.

And because Marie had the guts to try something different, because she cared enough to give it a chance, Walden became. Thanks again from all of us through the years. Enjoy your retirement and don't forget that we're still here trying to keep on keepin' on. Thank you, Marie.

BE SOMETHING SPECIAL BE A TEACHER

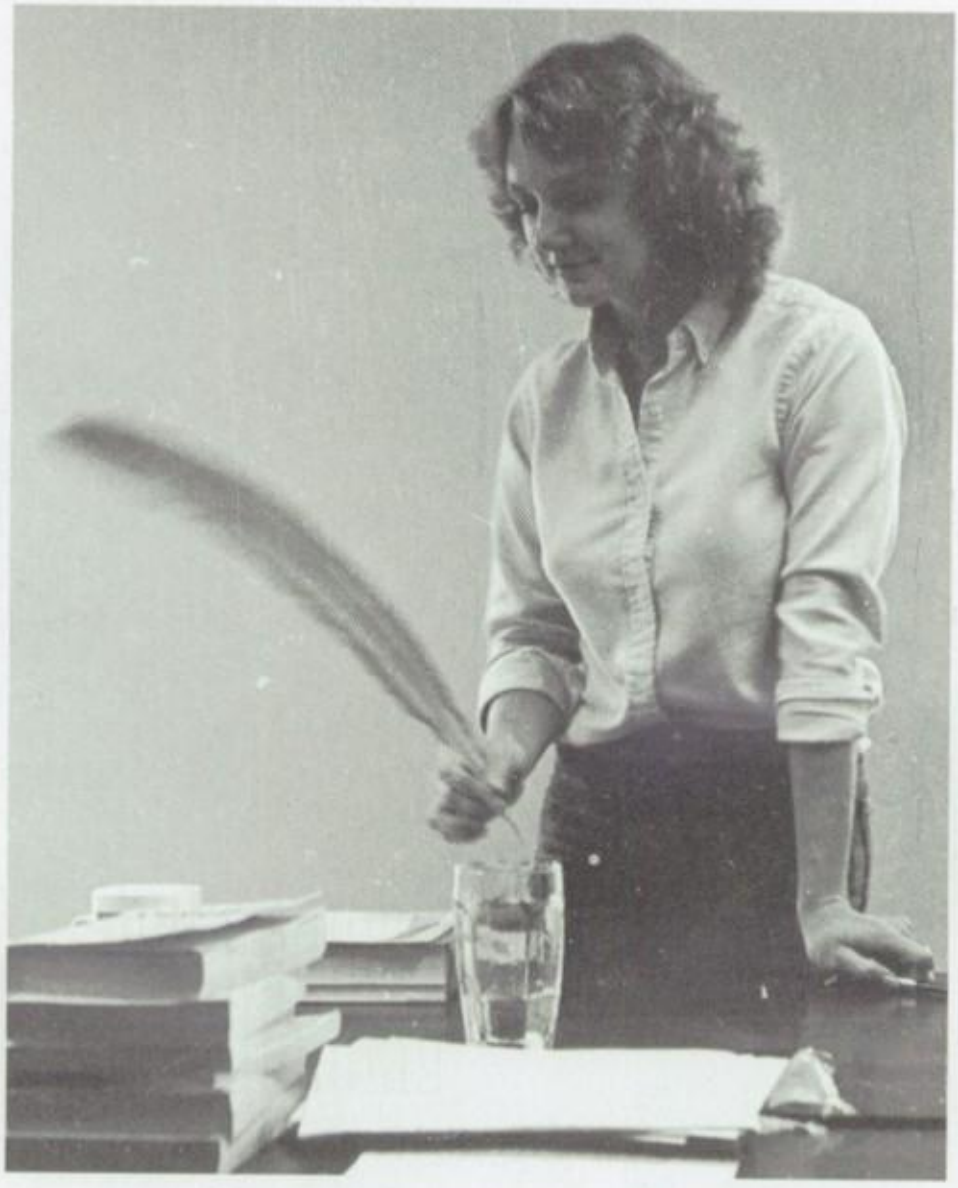
-"nuf said."



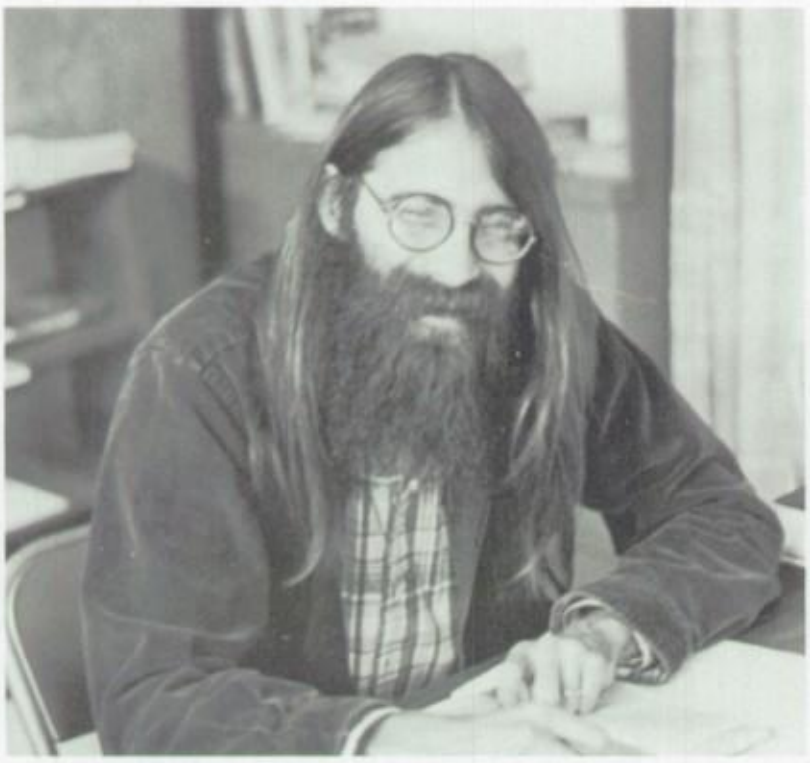
MICHAEL FLANAGAN

PAMELA FRANCIS

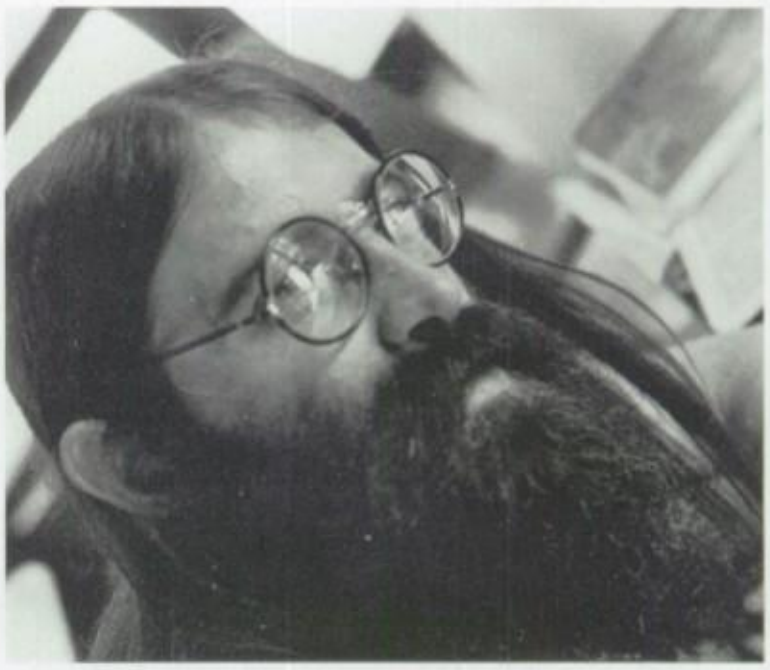
"If you can make so much as an architect, why are you still at Walden?"



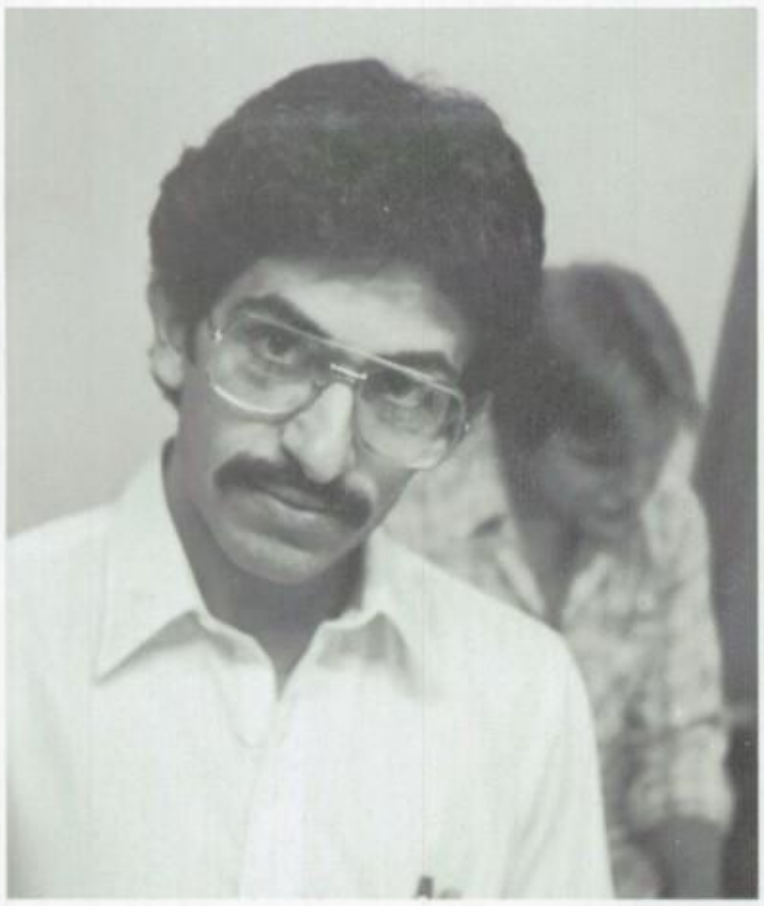
Students need to learn good writing quills.



STEPHEN HOUPT



STEPHEN HOUPT AGAIN

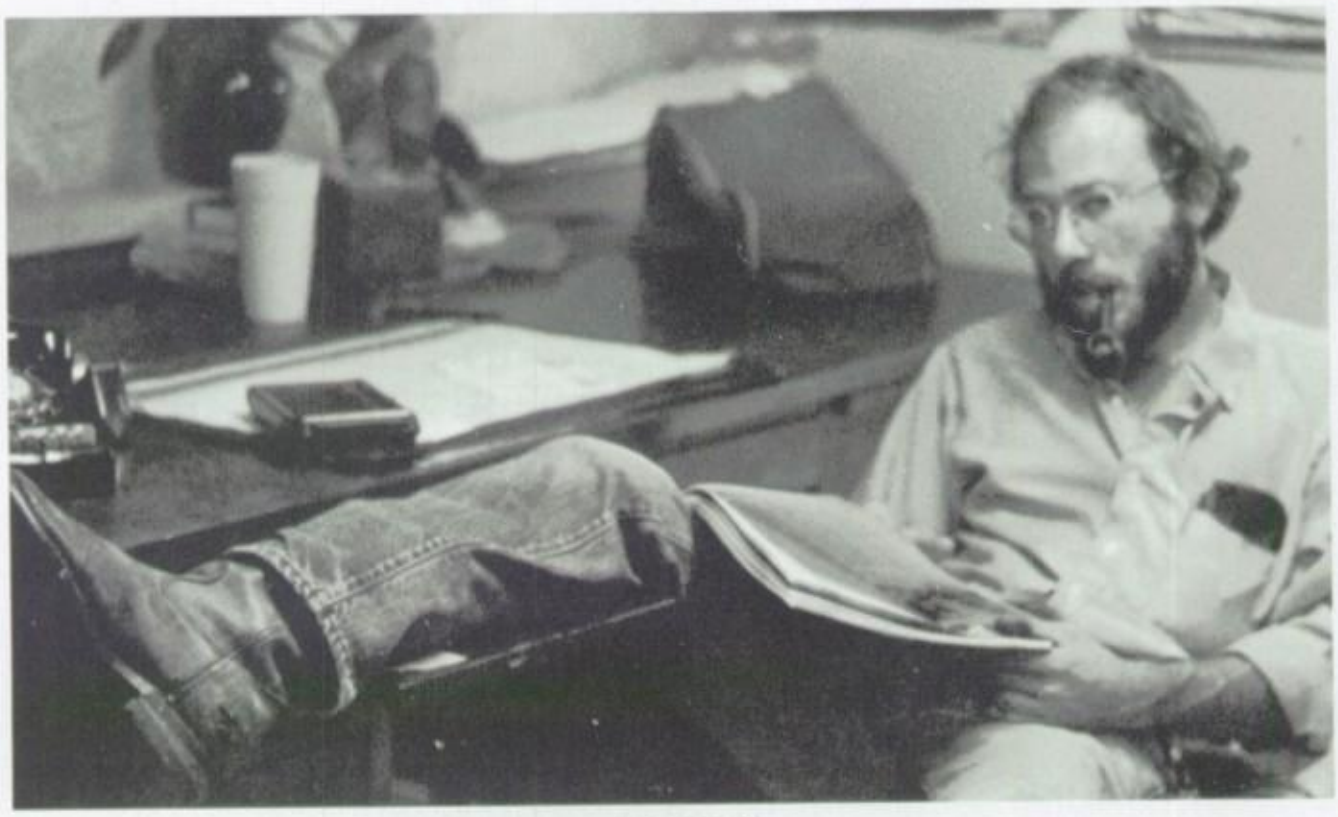


FRED KHOROUSHI

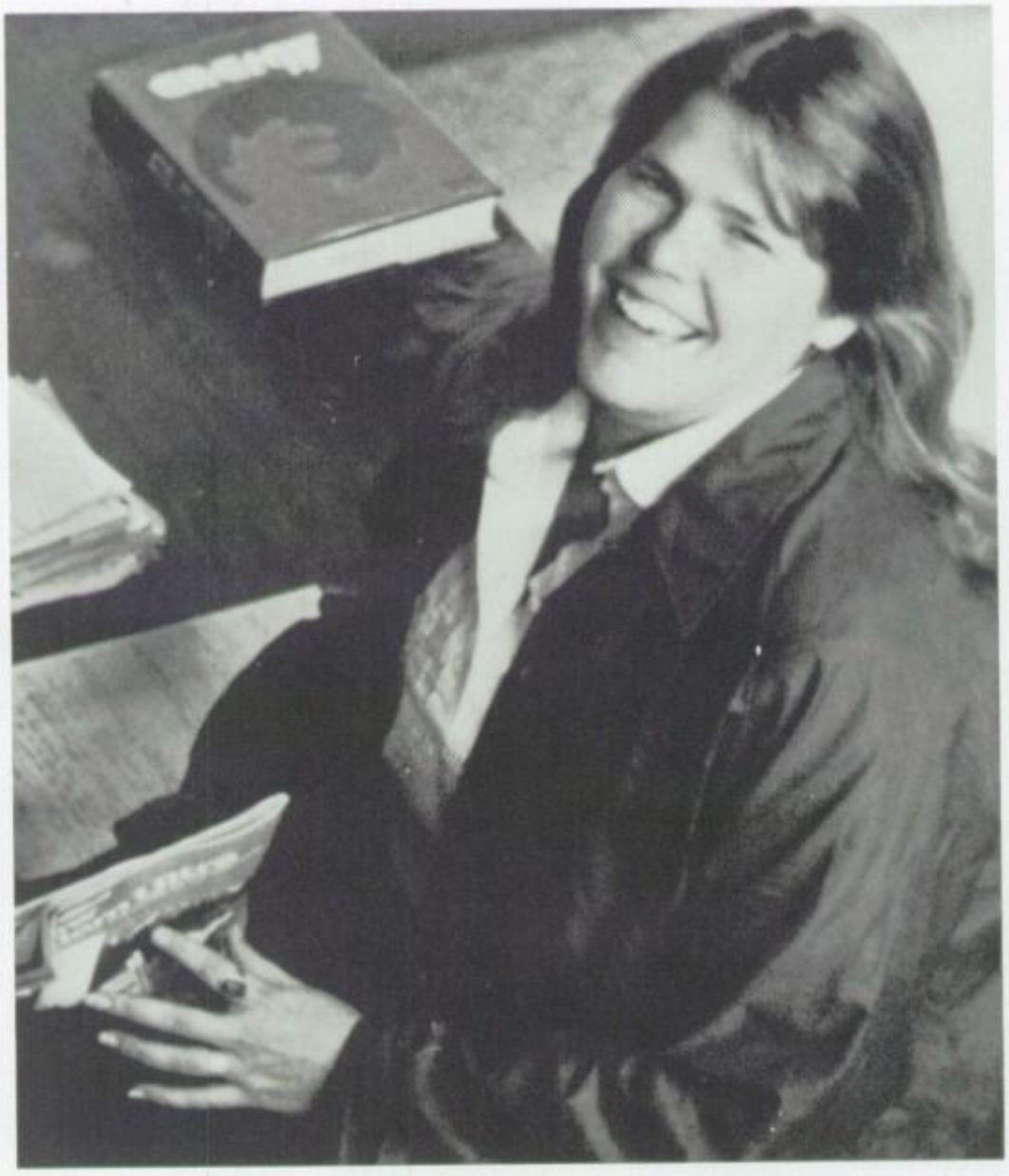
...AND AGAIN!!

Never lose control of a class or else!

"Two more chapters, Lance, and you'll graduate!"



LARRY STONE



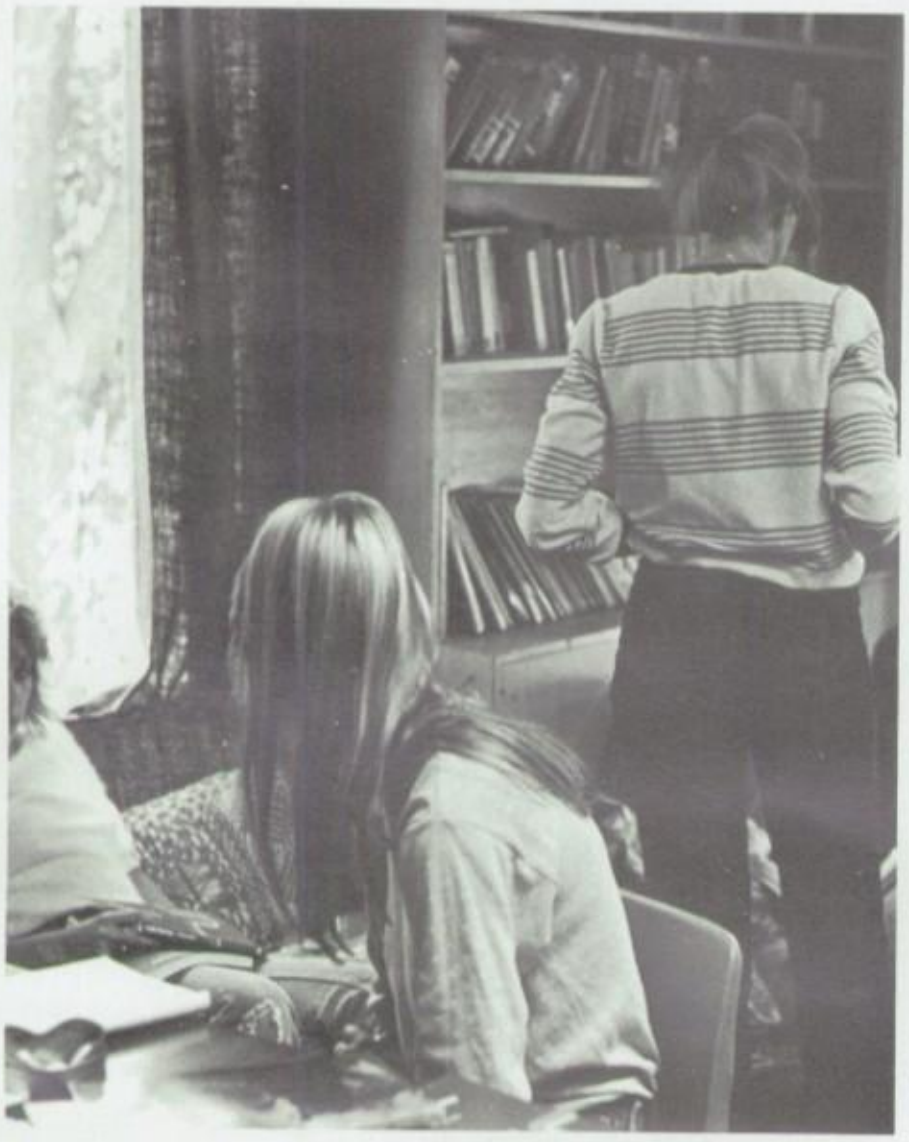
And his side-kick, PAMELA STONE

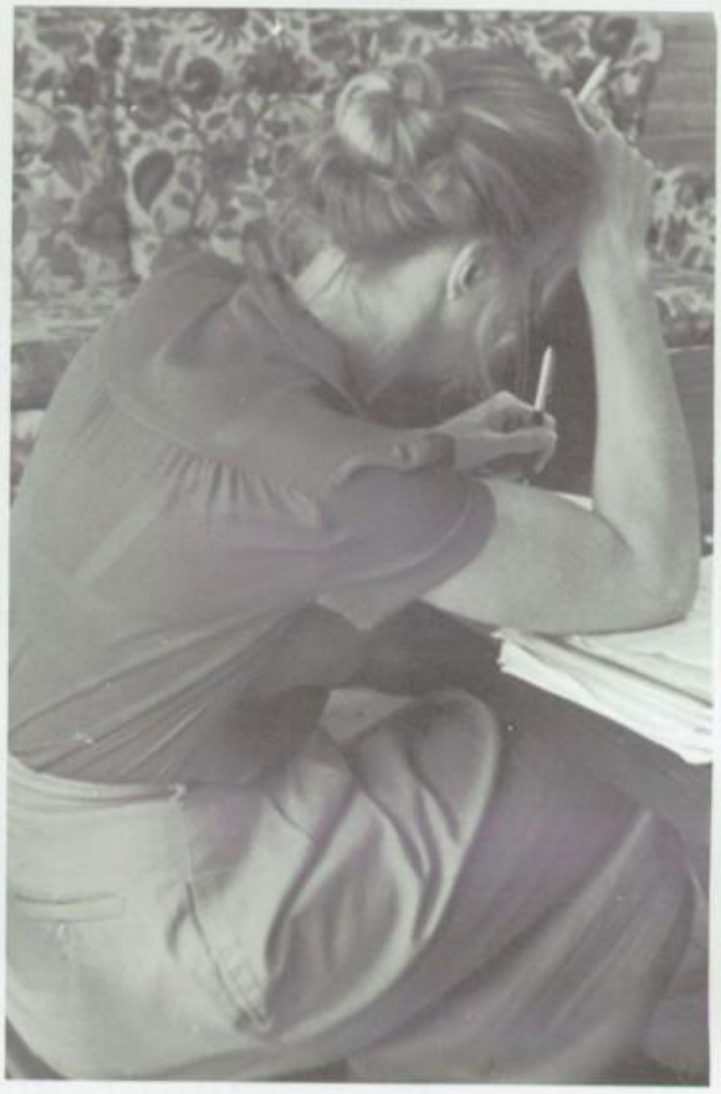
Some people take Biology more seriously than others.

"I go to school, buy books, and still I'm just a secretary."

Linda Shasberger

Joe Hughes





Left Top: Explaining the other side of the story. Right Top: All of these "NC's" are giving me a headache.

Bottom Left: Hugh F. O landson Joe's hand. Bottom Right: Hiding from class.

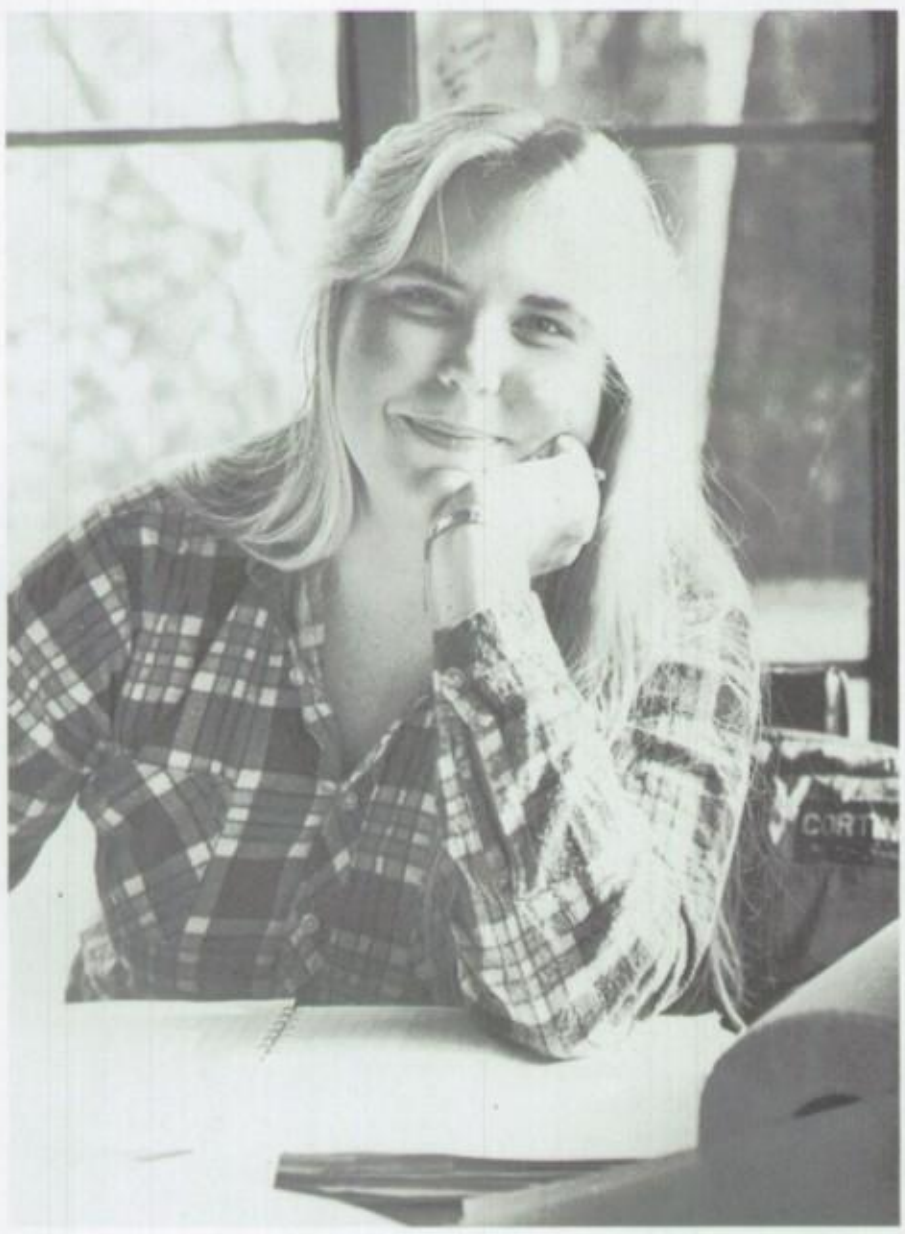
ANN
MARIE
KEY

SANDI
McKEAN
GOODIN

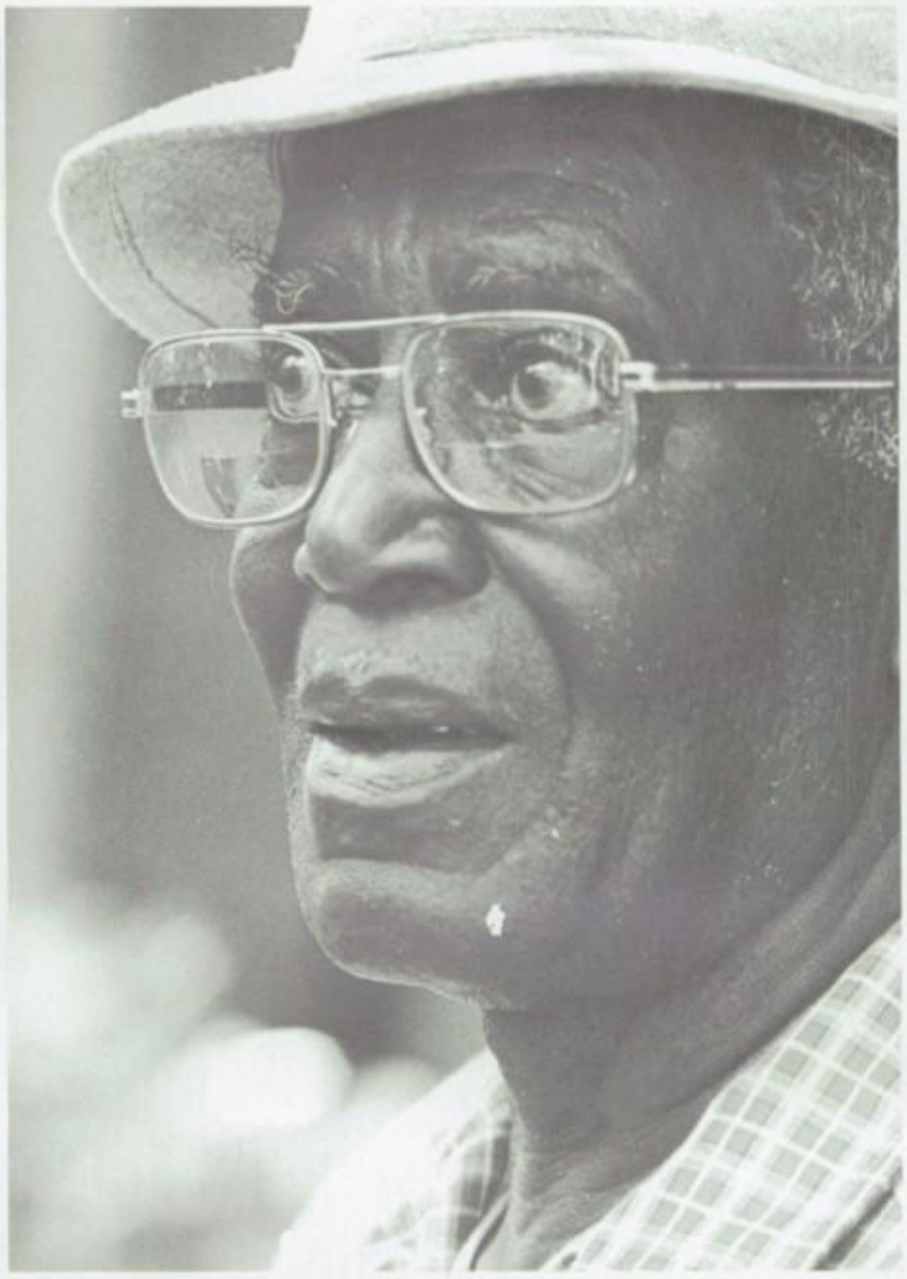
Ann Marie Key

Sandi Goodin

GWENDY
JAHNKE



TAMMY RUSHING



EARSLEY MATLOCK

We all love you!

PAMALA STONE
and
MARIE LOAR

Philan-thropist Buzzes Walden

Danny Faulkner believes that all aspects of life are definitely okay.

Mr. Faulkner explains that goodness is the secret of success.

Danny Faulkner landed in the middle of Walden's back yard September 17, his helicopter wings scattering leaves and our hastily built toilet paper landing field. Mr. Faulkner was one of our first attempts to introduce Walden to Dallas. A self-made million (billion-trillion??) aire, he is dyslexic, could not read, and quit school in the sixth grade. Nevertheless, he is interested in schooling, in kids, and in helping others to achieve. He talked to us about the characteristics he saw as essential to business success and offered jobs to any student who wanted to apply. Several students took advantage of that offer and have been working on his construction projects.

A unique individual, he (*and* his helicopter) created an interesting morning.

Walden International Airport's first customer.

OCTOBER SCARE

The stone walls were deathly cold...

Dungeon chains rattled...

The winds were moaning through cracked windows...

Gentle creaks of doors were heard

And Walden spirits moved through the dark forbidden hallways.

The gobblins and ghosts got ready for
their celebration of magic...

Strange Worldly Creatures Came From All Parts of the Universe to Join in the Festivities

Even ghosts can be in style.

A new arrival

What's wrong? Do I look different?

Husband and Wife Team

Send in the clowns — Well, maybe they're here.

Who is that masked man?

The Monster Ba of 1982-

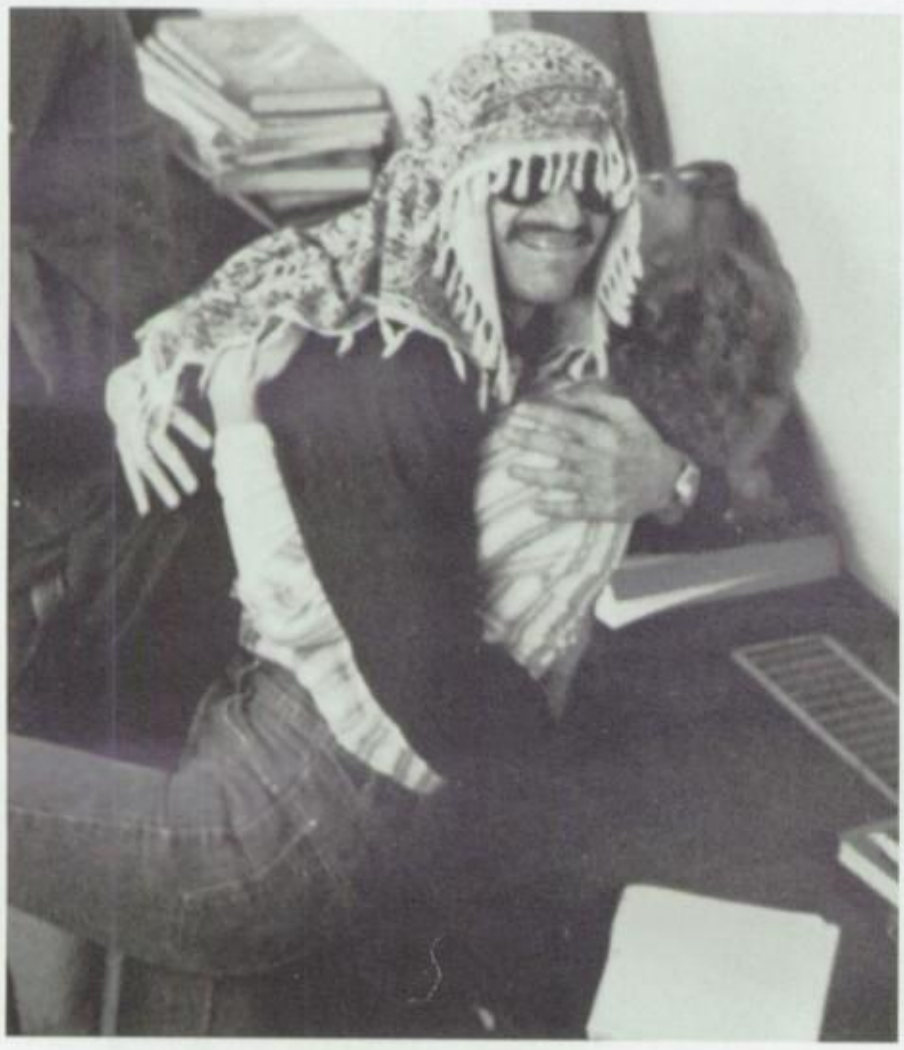
A new conquest!

I don't think I'm messy.

An appearance by the Wicked Witch of the West.

Don't worry — I always look this way.

sh
1983



Lawrence of Arabia

Maid in France

A Chorus Line

Stop!! Hold that pose!!

And people say that our students are clowns???

Police bribery.

Close relationships develop between students and teachers.

Boy, was that good!!!

Are you serious???

The Walden Morale Team

Frisking is fun!!

Owners of the World Companion Service

A day of fun

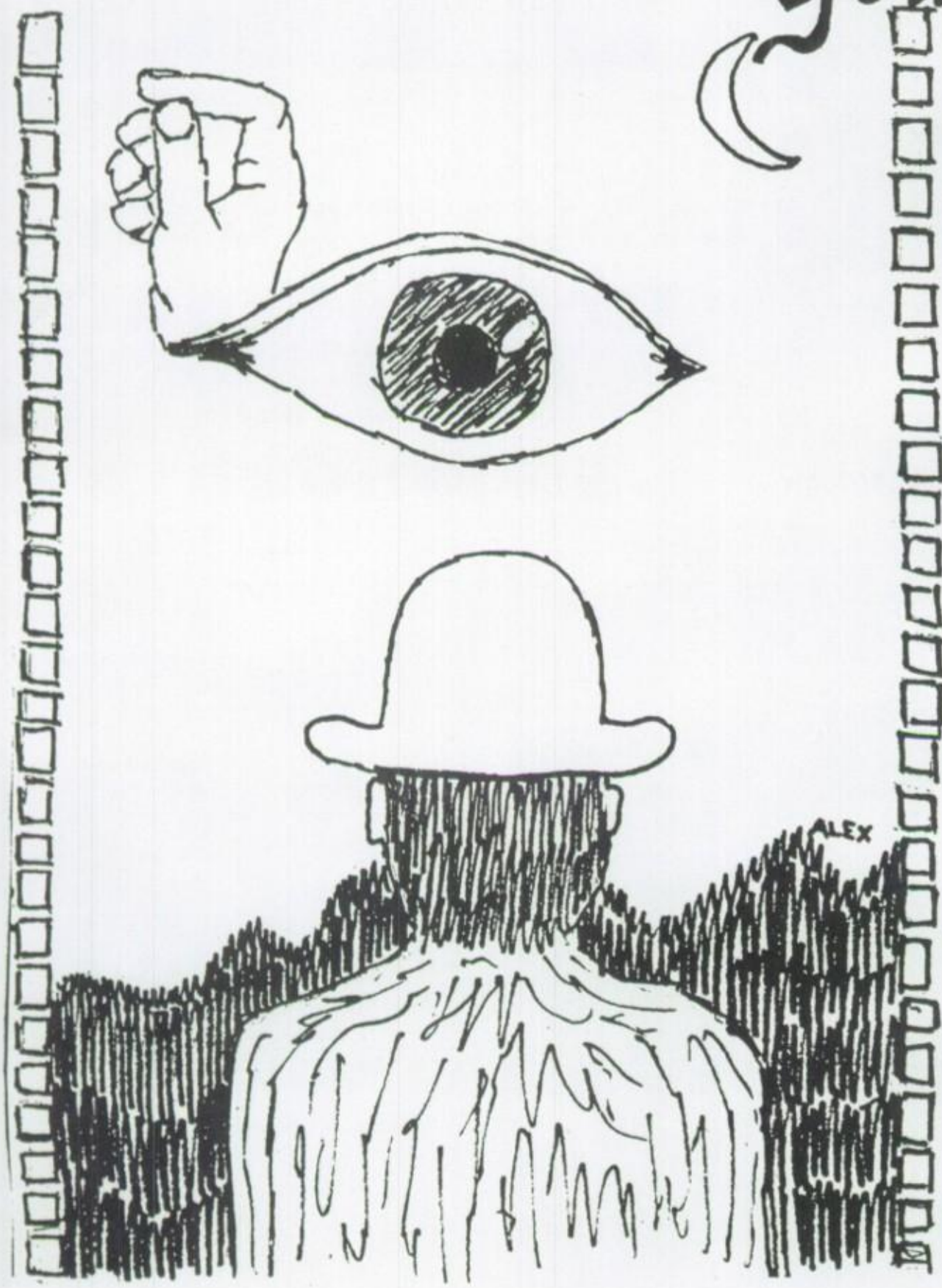
A day of laughter

A day of horror

Halloween day

In Life We Gain... Understanding and Friendship

One day while walking through
a pasture of green,
An old man of magic stopped
and said, "You will
listen to
visions
with your
eyes and
hear the
sound of
one hand
clapping."



Like a frigid lover,
Winter has descended,
Wraps his brittle arms around my bones.
And though he's always there,
With his silent, icy stare,
I always have the feeling that I'm alone.

— Pamela Francis

Haiku

In fluorescent light
people stare at spinning light
None of them are rich.

Stephen Houpt

A face as wise as time
serene eyes staring heaven-
ward
But still they hunger.

Glen Williams

A molten blue sea
as deep as infinity
still, Isswim with glee!

Glen Williams

I started climbing
at dawn, at evening the sky
was just as distant.

Glen Williams

Lie alone on your plane
Of existence.
Reach
for reality; seek to grasp it.
yet it is denied, held
just beyond your fingertips.
Somewhere,
buried in a dying memory
is a snapshot
of a world,
a life,
substantial and real.
But that snapshot is yesterday,
and fading fast.
All that remains
is the pseudo-security of non-reality.
Revel in it,
for it is all you have left.

— Abby Rhode

BALLAD OF A LIGHTER

She was perched on the lonely shelf
Depressed and low about her ugly self.
Waiting for a satisfier of her flaming needs,
A buyer comes forward
And her grateful heart bleeds,
Not knowing her fate,
Though life was great.
Being flicked when she was needed,
With a smiling face she was greeted.
Then back she went, a pocket was her home,
To the bottom she would roam.
Life was okay,
Then came the day —
The flame went away.
So much for her burning dreams.
Life's not all it seems . . .

— Bart Kennamer

Burning away
The candles burn fast
through a slow process.
How long will it last
before we reach success?
Melting and dripping away
Hours burn in delight
symptoms of endless decay
seem to put out the fright.
It feels too suick to end
was the candle that short?
We cannot deny or pretend
that death has infinite support.

Alex Rainho

RHYMES WITH SOME REASON

With the son of a sailor I sailed the sea
And the music of the ocean came down to me
"Kiss me and hold me and marry me"
The sailor sang to me as I sang to the sea

A question of balance and an answer of thought
I stood on the line ready to lose a lot
I'll race for the finish, ready or not
When I finish the race, I may not stop

Lying in limbo, close to the edge
Thinking 'bout something somebody said
Something about judging the quick and the dead
It all tumbles and tosses inside my head

Turquoise and tinsel and timber green
All are colors of dreams I've seen
Dreams to live on when the meat gets lean
Dreams to rearrange and change the scene . . .

Silence has sifted through a silk-lined night
Swirling and surrounding and softening the light
And here am I, pondering my plight,
Sworn against surrender but never ready to fight.

— Pamela Francis

Sometimes at night,
When everyone's asleep,
I go out and roam the streets.
I go to places I've never been
And hope I find my way back again.
But sometimes when people are out on the streets,
I'm at home, fast asleep.

— Candi Perdue

BALLAD OF A BELIEVER

I'm on the inside looking out
I know they can't hear me even if I shout.
They don't understand me,
They just patronize me,
They leave me here cold,
To turn lonely and old.

— Gary Balko

Gorgoyle warriors carry off the dead,
Taking victims to their flaming bed.
Young men watch as their elders die,
Knowing they'll be working in the burning stye.
Slave men pray to the god they love,
Not knowing there's no one in the sky above.
The World changed its whole existence,
Victim of Lucifer's persistence.

— Bart Kennamer

Living on the borderline of heaven and hell
Feeding my mind from the forbidden well.
To make the most of life shouldn't be a sin —
What a messed up world it is that we live in.
A man reads a book and tells what is wrong
The devil spreads his power through drugs and song.
I could write a book and make my own rules —
Use their stupid minds for money-making tools . . .

— Bart Kennamer

THE LONELY GAME

Loneliness, like a path of darkness
Loneliness, like the ship was missed

Loneliness, a shield of plexiglass
Loneliness, a test to pass

Loneliness, a faucet dripping pain
Loneliness, a routine — not sane, not sane

Loneliness, an ocean of tears
Loneliness, an island of fears

Loneliness, loneliness
Such a lonely business

— Shelly Cooper

LET'S GO

Come on, partiers, let's take a ride
With a couple of kegs,
We'll go far and we'll go wide.
Let's take off from Dallas and let's cruise
If you've got the bucks, you're on my side.
In L.A. there's some uncool dudes,
But the ladies in Kansas have the stride,
And in Memphis they've got the blues,
Up in Michigan they're full of pride.
Just give me a woman and a one-night stand,
I like the whole U.S. of A.
But I love my van!!!

— James Bolick

With gleaming eyes like the stars above,
You tear my paper heart with your absence of love.
Dreams to me are like a bowling pin;
When you knock them down, I put them back up.
Fighting for your love like a stallion in heat,
Taking my desire for your meat,
ego like a lion and the looks of an angel,
I've got you in my arms, but you're still out of reach.
Some day soon I'm going to leave you forever,
But you'll just keep drifting like an ever falling feather.

— Bart Sennamer

My knowledge reached
to a point that I realized
how unknowledgable I was.

It's ABSURD!
The written word.
so black and white and sterile.
P's and Q's and grammer rules
don't estimate the peril.

Pamela Francis

The Willow

I walk along the river side,
I stand and watch the changing tide.
It's early, and the worlds asleep,
I've come to watch the willow weep.
Sometimes we talk, this tree and I,
I tell her why I want to die,
She shows me how she wants to fly.
We know we can't — although we try.

With her branches lost in the sky above,
She drinks the river like I drink love.
Leaves trailing in the water below,
She weeps and her tears are lost in the flow.

I tell her of the world in which I live, of the love no one will give.
I share with her the tears I cry
I see her weep as breezes sigh.

She shows me how she can't be free,
She wants to fly across the plain,
I long to live without this pain.

So when my thoughts must run so deep,
I come to hear the willow weep.
I weep for her, she cries for me,
I find peace of mind within this tree.

So when it's all too much to take,
and the world just seems to be a fake,
walk to where the waters deep-stand,
and watch the willow weep.

Abby Rhode

I Love You

What are these words they say, each and every day?
What is this, I love you? Please give me a clue.
Is it just some strange sound,
That's going around?
Do I really love you,
Or are you just "up town"?

— James Bolick

LIZARD, LIZARD, so alive
The odds you gave were one to five

You tried so hard to show
You knew the way to go
Five to one, one to five,
You drove too far on moonlight drive.

Did you cancel your subscription to the resurrection?
Are you stayin' all alone in the house of detention?

LIZARD, LIZARD, so alive
The chance you'd live was one to five.

You headed up a generation
The fame kept on without cessation
The fire you lit burns to this day
We miss you, since you're away.
Run with me, down Love Street
In the house upon a hill we'll meet
We live without your helping hand
What they don't know, we understand.

Do you ride through the night
in the driver's car?
Does the engine run on
glue and tar?
Did you ever find,
the final whiskey bar?
You broke on through
but went too far.

LIZARD King, so alive
The odds you gave were one to five
Five to one, and one to five
Even you didn't, get out alive.

— Abby Rhode

Love is as black as a velvet bat wing
It is the song two hearts can sing.
Love is the scent of a hungry soul,
and has the taste of a night alone.
Love has the feel of a shadowed glove;
the unheard whispers in the name of love,
but much to soon will all this fade,
leaving behind a lingering pain.
For love, parasitic, flys host to host,
not staying where it's needed most.

Abby Rhode

The field smelled
like dead
human flesh burning
the sight was dark
the trees seemed all to tell the story.
If one were to recount the bloody
massacre they would begin with the
light —
Light like a torch and a sound that
came from the clouds
hitting one another.
The whistle of the wind
brought in
almost deadly silence
like two evils about to battle.
And now I look around the five half
alive men who surround — who's lives
will never be forfeited
never —
and the look of bitter hate.
Now it's over
we the strong have survived.
Those of us not so fortunate are dead.

Pat Shepard

Loneliness is dark
It sounds like the breaking of tree
limbs in a harsh wind
It smells like a fire burning its
last ember
it tastes as an unseasoned raspberry
Loneliness feels like the prick of a
rose.
Excitement is a jazzy pink
It sounds like the laughter of small
children playing in the park
It smells like the air of a crisp
autumn day
It tastes like an orange sherbet
ice cream
Excitement is an amusement park ride.

Susan Gutierrez

The sea breeze
and all the trees
the sky the sun
the moon the cloud
cars, bars, and sorrows
flashes, crashes,
clashes with the trash
and the rashes of
unseasoned bashes
many into the cage the
bars which hold one
eternal song to take
fluttered patterns
which keep the unseen,
for those who are
untold, of the cage
in a pattern, unstabled,
led, by the willing
making the cage, and the
rules of the cage is the
cage itself.

Pat Shepard

A moment
Elementary corrections
Obscure the natural
taste
Profound projections
Ruins in sarcastic waste
Sexual desires
Provokes dangerous
temptations
Direct accusations
Shadows out strong
relations
Mysterious illusions
Condensed to warm disgrace
Individual options
Simplified and hard to
erase
Senseless happenings
Daring in verbal patterns
Concluded theories
Broken in solid lanterns

Alex Rainho

Born to Run

I wake up in the morning as the sun
shines on my face
I grab myself a drink, and wonder
what's ahead
Put on my jacket, my gloves and my
shades
I pick up the keys like a book to
read
Walk into the vault that holds my
biggest dream
Stumble to the lights, as the
machine stares at me
Then I observe the polished red for
a spot that's not a dream
Inflating the wide tires, there's
nothing wrong I can see
Punch in the computer code as the
door lifts up
Slip into velvet, as the seat puts
me into a relaxed position
I read all of the gauges, and make
sure the door is shut
Turning the key, the beast roars like
I thought
Moving out of the vault I slip it
into first
Hit the streets, the sun guides me
as we drive.

Alex Rainho

Challenge of a Dream

I see you driving your fine car
You thought you'd never make it
this far
All alone you're chasing a
panoramic view
You told me stories that I never
knew
Believing in you, I see through
myself
How can I hold you, when you're
somewhere else
Your future seems to be one lane
wide
When the light turns red, you
keep me by your side
Your fast lane is moving much
too slow
Waving and turning, but your
fear is too deep
Shift into high miracle, you go
into hydraulic sleep
Now you know that your plan came
out right
Oh please can I borrow your
dreams, for just one night?

Holes, Holes

empty spaces
where to put
the blocks
North, South —
over the old
Blocks of time
nearly smooth fast field
Healer of time
talented toned
Men moving
East, West
tied to one self
pitted by all
holes of matter
Holes of time
Holes of happiness
Holes of fear
where to put the blocks

Pat Shepard

Do you ever miss the beauty —
the life so wonderful —
that was promised you
as a child?
Do you ever feel cheated,
denied the existence in the picture,
that was painted for you as a child,
It all seemed pretty good,
eye level with the doorknob,
eye level with happiness.
The song that was sung —
telling of tomorrow —
sounded so wonderful.
But now I hear it being sung
again.
To my sister, this time,
and I can hear the sour voices,
and broken chords.

— Abby Rhode

Desire to win,
Hate to lose.
What kind of strategy
Does mankind choose?
Looking for a challenge,
Writing a song,
You know Rock-N-Roll
Doesn't take that long.
Success, success, it's the best,
So you might as well
Get it off your chest . . .

— Shelly Cooper

A Siberian Scene

I have to beg for your frozen
affection,
like a naked beggar for a
blanket.
You have given me the tundra —
type tease,
and have left me with a
feeling about as warm as
frostbite.
I don't go for your snow games.

Pamela Francis

Walden

Wisdom among the people
Alliance with friendship
Leadership and Prosperity
Devotion and knowledge
Excellence in virtues
Nobility and heritage

Alex Rainho

Silently the deer
In the velvet morning
mist
Drinking solitary from
the running brook
Achieves beauty only to
to be riooed into meat
by dogs who know hunger
But do not understand
love.

Glen Williams

The rocks society's thrown,
lay burden on my back.
And here you are picking up a stone,
And adding it to the stack.
(When is somebody gonna cut me some slack)

From the first of the game,
I must have been a fool.
The stakes are still the same
But you're changing all the rules
(And let me say, I've paid my dues)

There's nothing left of me now
Except my heart and soul
And as I take my final bow,
You take your final blow.

— Gary Balko

A teachers Lament
Monday everyone's got the blues
Friday, well — its Friday
Tuesday no one's in a good mood
And Thursday the sun is shining
Wednesday is a rainy day
A perfect day for sleeping
Everyday theres a new excuse
For not doing math and reading!
Gimme a break is the word of the day
Four and a half days a week
I've got to go to the dentist today
Or, gee I need some sleep
My car just isn't running right
Or I couldn't catch a ride
I'm just not feeling well today
Can't you let it slide?
So I hear it Monday through Friday
Your excuses always win until the grades come in
And then who's to blame? Of course
it's me!!!

Pamela Francis

Epilogue
For my school and second home
and sometimes a last resort.
You've been almost like a friend
to me, and almost like a dream.
sometimes joyful others filled
with pain.
and yet always there.
Watching; and waiting for my return —
or just the return of happier times.
I love you Walden, and I'll not forget.

Abby Rhode

A Flower Has Teeth
Two dreamers share glances
The day has cleared away
An ocean of problems
Stand in their way
Should they swim in together?
Or wait for the tide
Have they beared even more?
Than something to hide
The sign they wear
Is for both the same
But love is speechless
Who's to blame Him or her?
No one knows which
Not even they it's an uneven stitch
Her heart not his, is wrapped up in hope
But he will probably feels it's the end of the rope
Will she stand alone again, because she used her last spell?
There's no way to win, she'll climb back in her shell.

Shelly Cooper

I, for Jonathan Hale
Pretty boy;
keeper and lender of
small memories,
singer of bittersweet tunes.
Lover of what is not, please
find your way back soon.
In this land of masks and
hollow laughter you are
missed
Hey pretty boy — do you
remember one days despair,
an afternoon lunch
and laughter shared?
I found your picture . . .
Do you remember, Pretty boy?
II. Scrapbook skies
On rainy days as this,
you sometimes come to mind.
Snapshots of your face,
records that play bits of
conversation, yours and mine.
Sweeping panoramas stretching
before me like a highway
reminding me and whispering of
days before today.
These images make me both
long for yesterday and past
and look toward tomorrow
when we will talk again at last.
these things are what drive me
on, and make me long for such
rainy days as this.
III. For Love of a Nightingale
To a songbird who sings in the
voice of millions and occasionally
too doftly to hear;
I remember the time, they
thought your wings were
broken, and that your voice
would soon be stilled.
I never knew a greater sadness
now such an overwhelming fear.
Although that fear now lies
behind too clear it lingers
in my mind.
It haunts me and reminds me to
love you while I can.
Too precious to lose —
my bird of a different feather.

Abby Rhode

Walden Prepa

ory School

Seniors

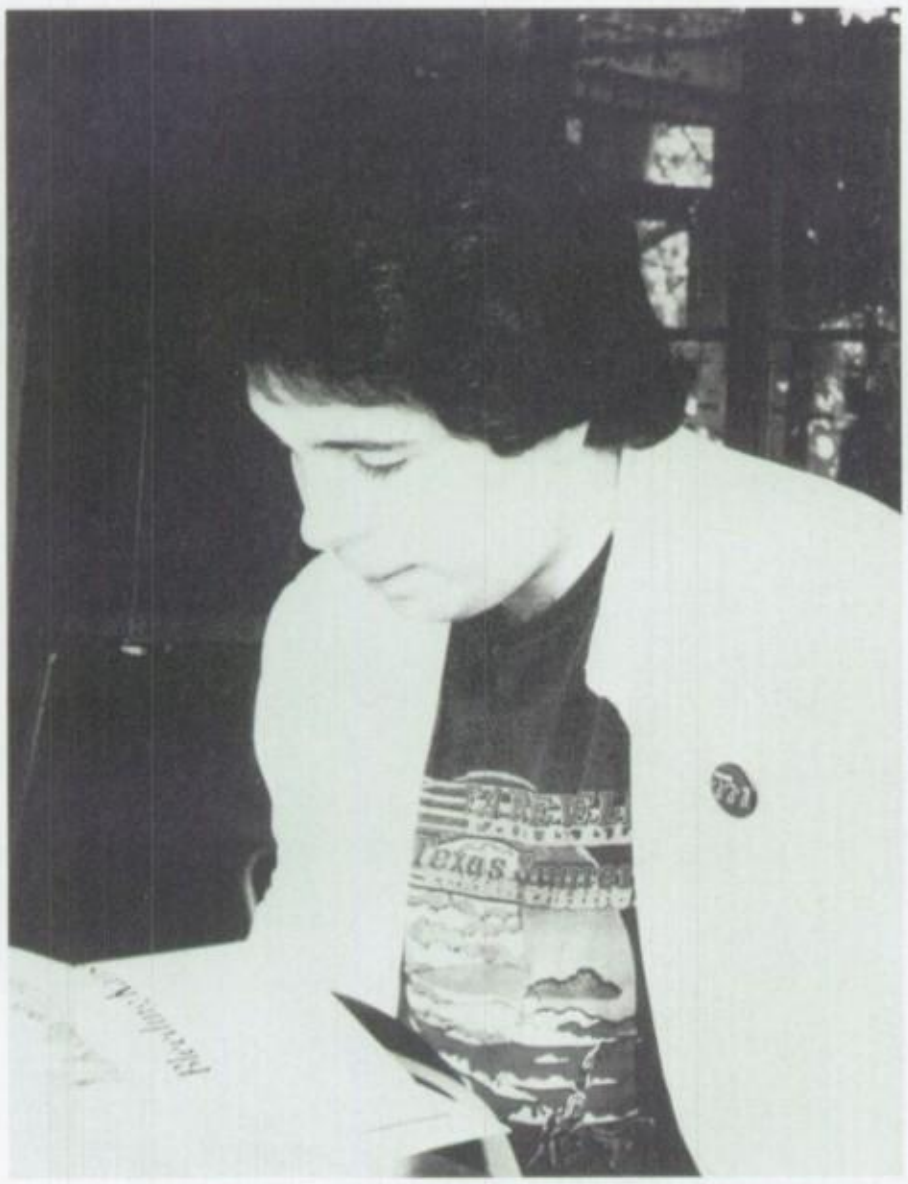
"1983"

A Seniors Year Is Filled With . . .

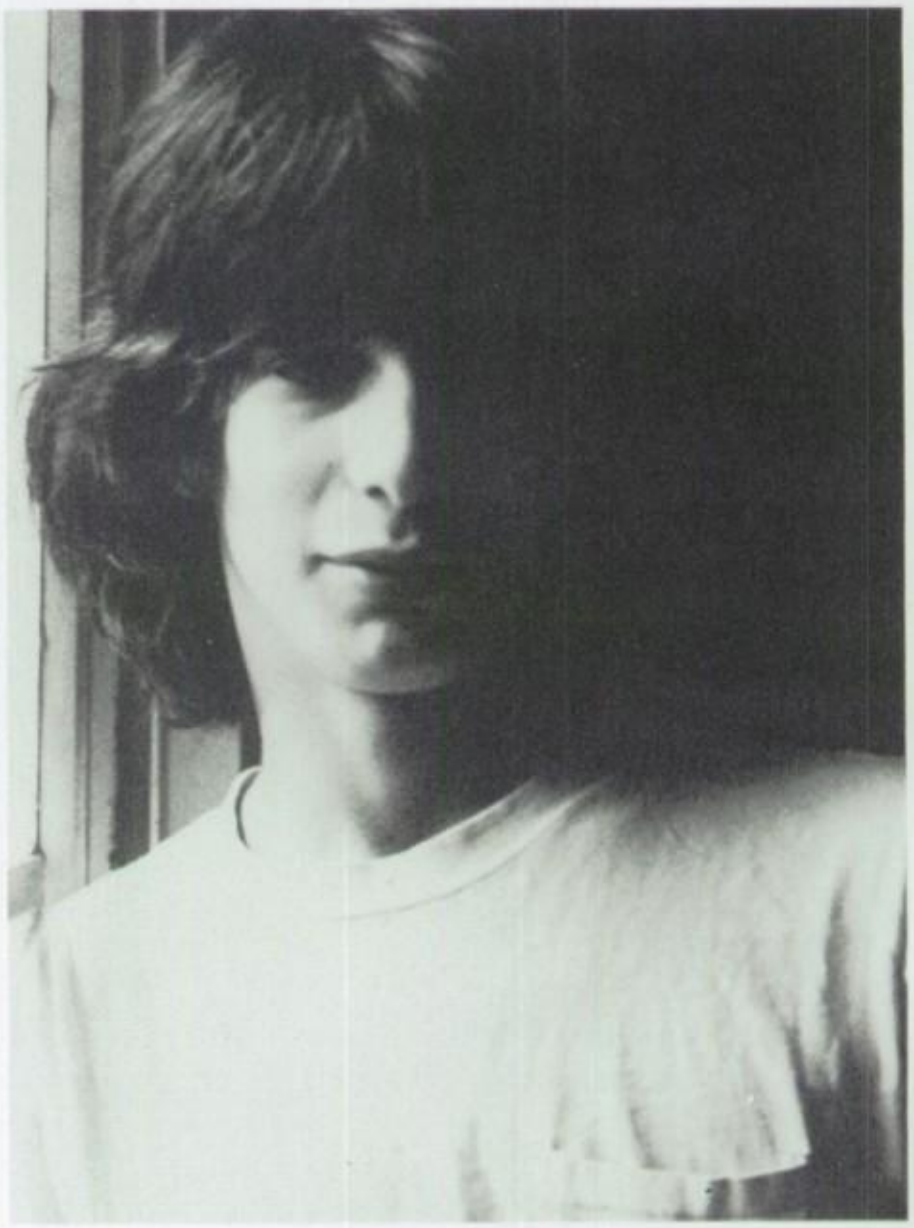
Opening new doors and windows to the world

Finding new pathways

And reaching out for life.



Greg Harris
"Life is a one way ticket to paradise."



Marc Rothstein
"Growing up; seems so one sided, opinions all provided, unattached and undivided, in the mass production zone that we call life."

Shelly Cooper
"Love seems more a word than an existing emation. If it wasn't used verbally it would be forgotten."

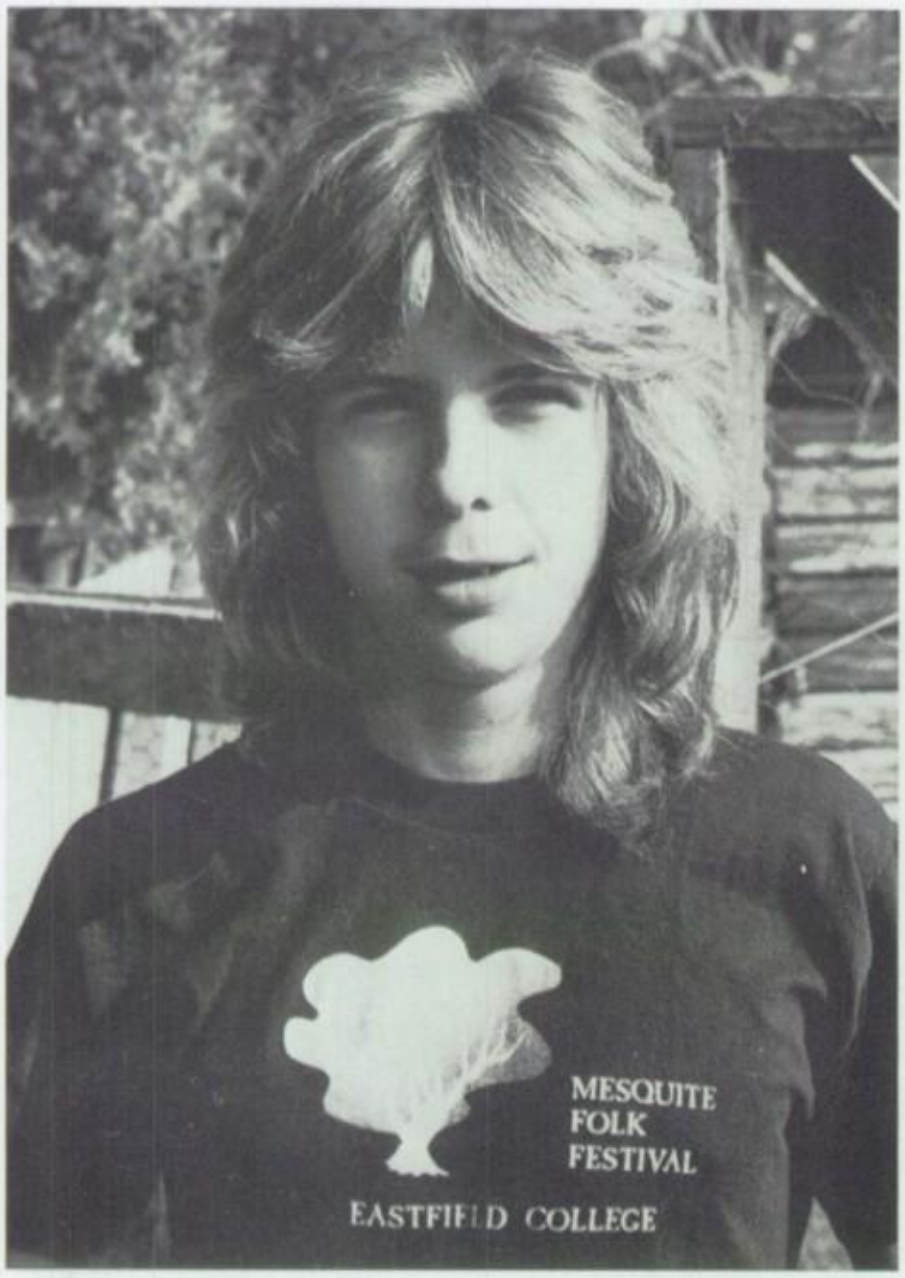
Jill Kline

"One likes to believe in the freedom of freedom of music, for glittering prizes and endless compromises shatter the illusion of integrity.

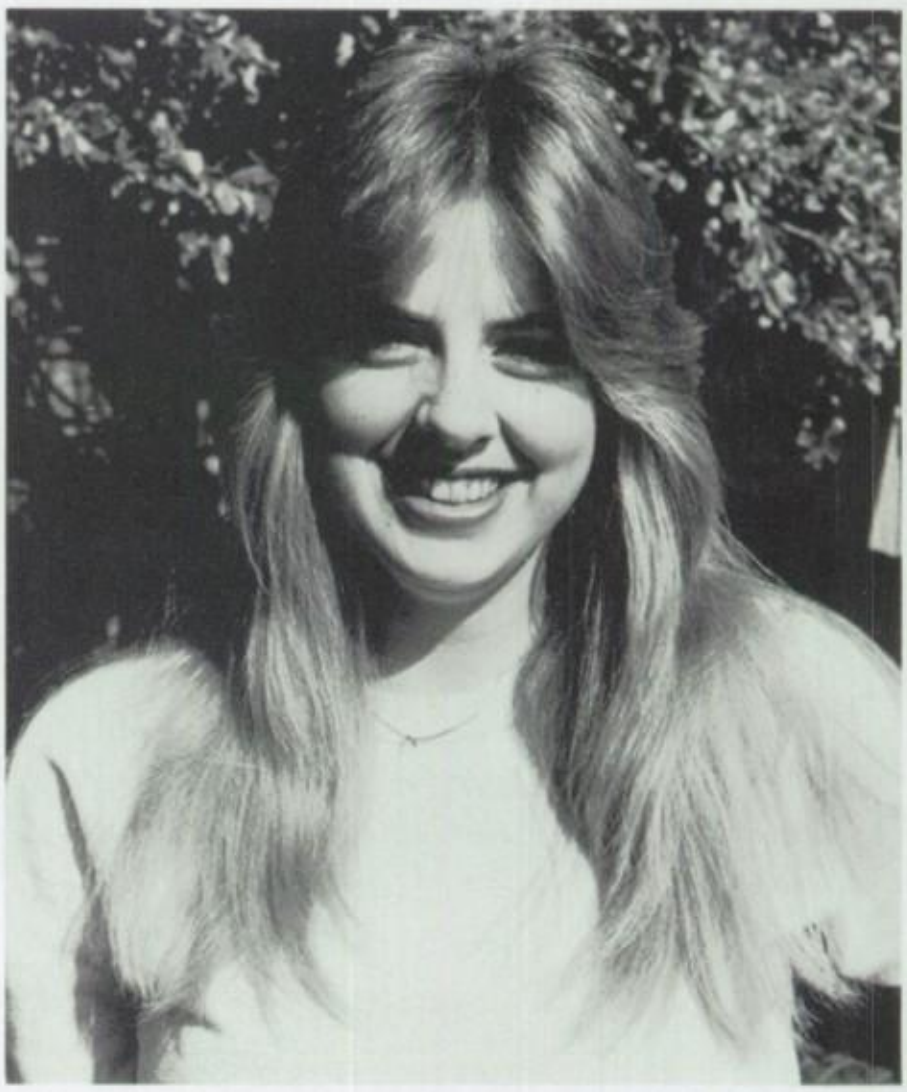
— Rush —

Tom Hill

Tori Alexander



Richie Solo

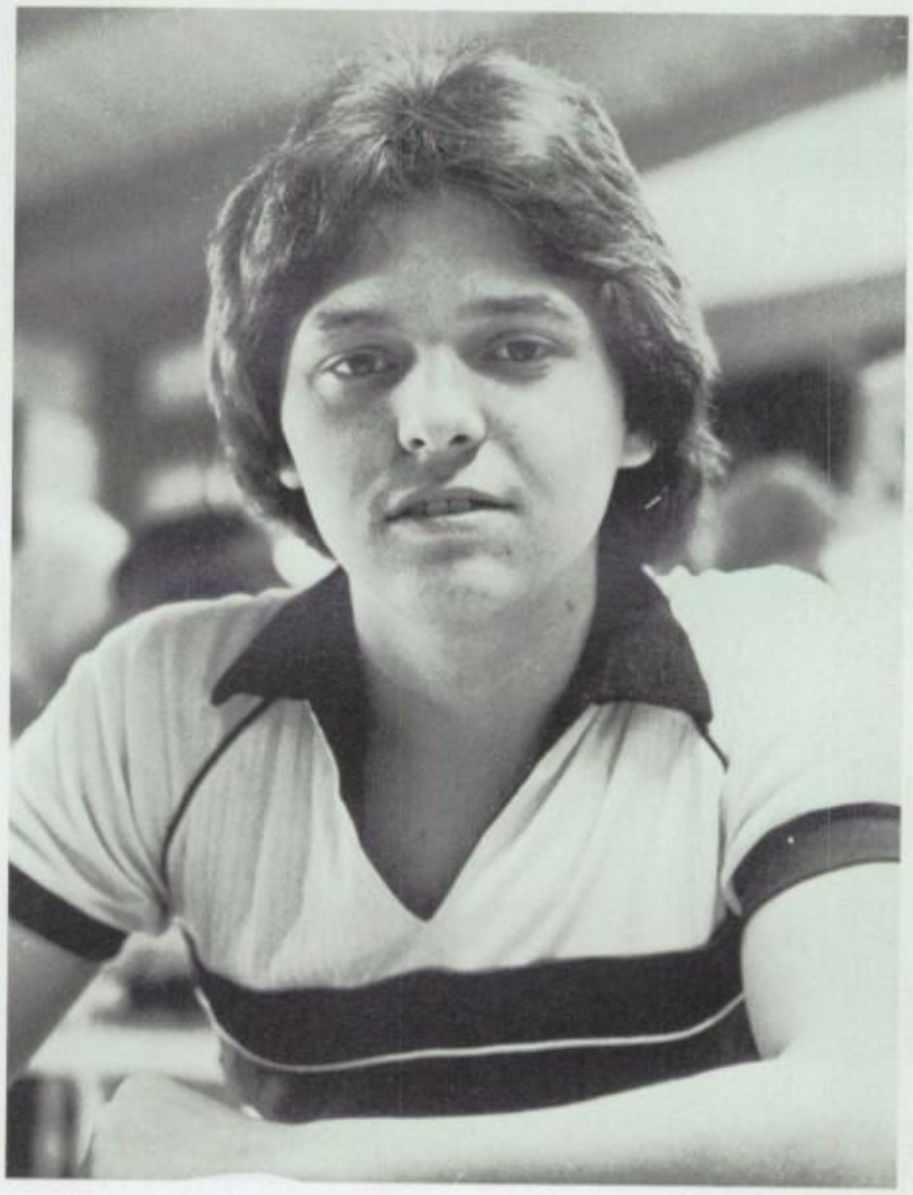


Tracy Williamson
"I'll tell you this, no eternal reward will forgive us now for wasting the dawn"

Randy Jones

Ronnie Haynie

Tracy Williams



Danny Ogilvie

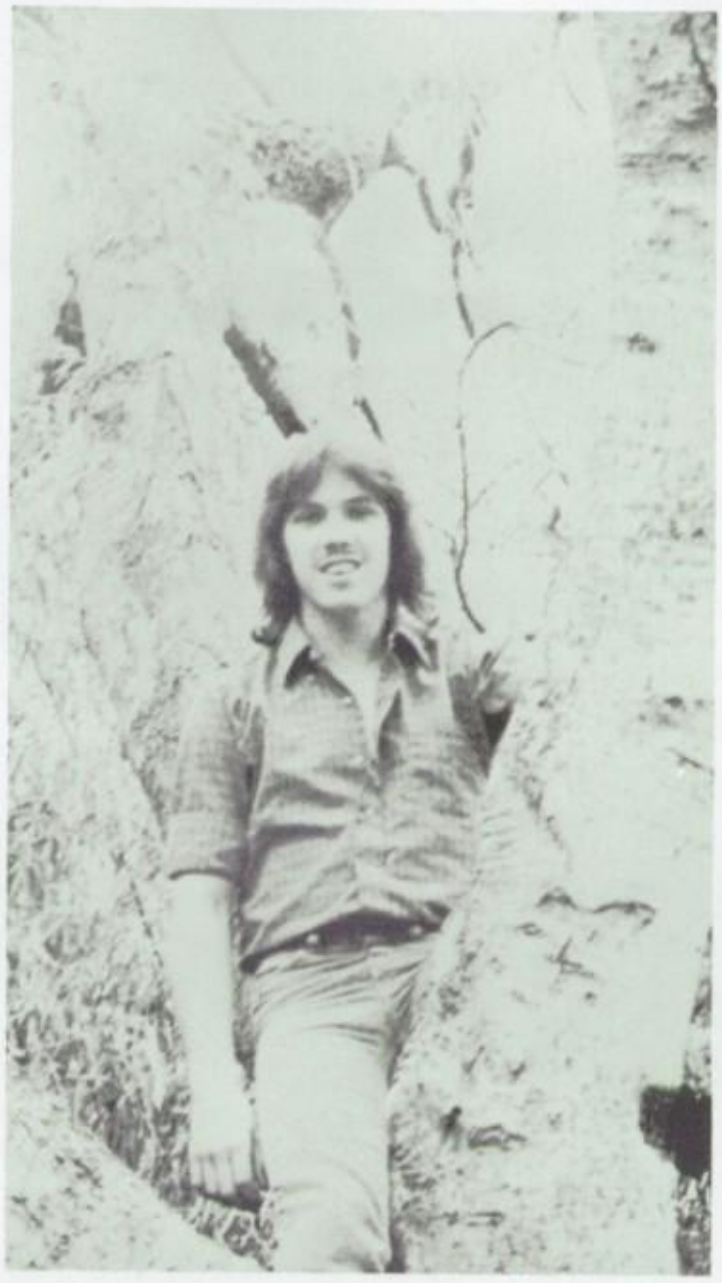
Left Top: Valerie Jenkins
"It's not how you play the game
it's if you win or lose"

— Randy Rhodes —

Amous Moran

Alex Rainho

Build yourself a wall,
Then climb to the top.
Look around and see,
If there is anything interesting.
Then decide whether to jump or not.



Craig
Outlaw

Lisa Peters

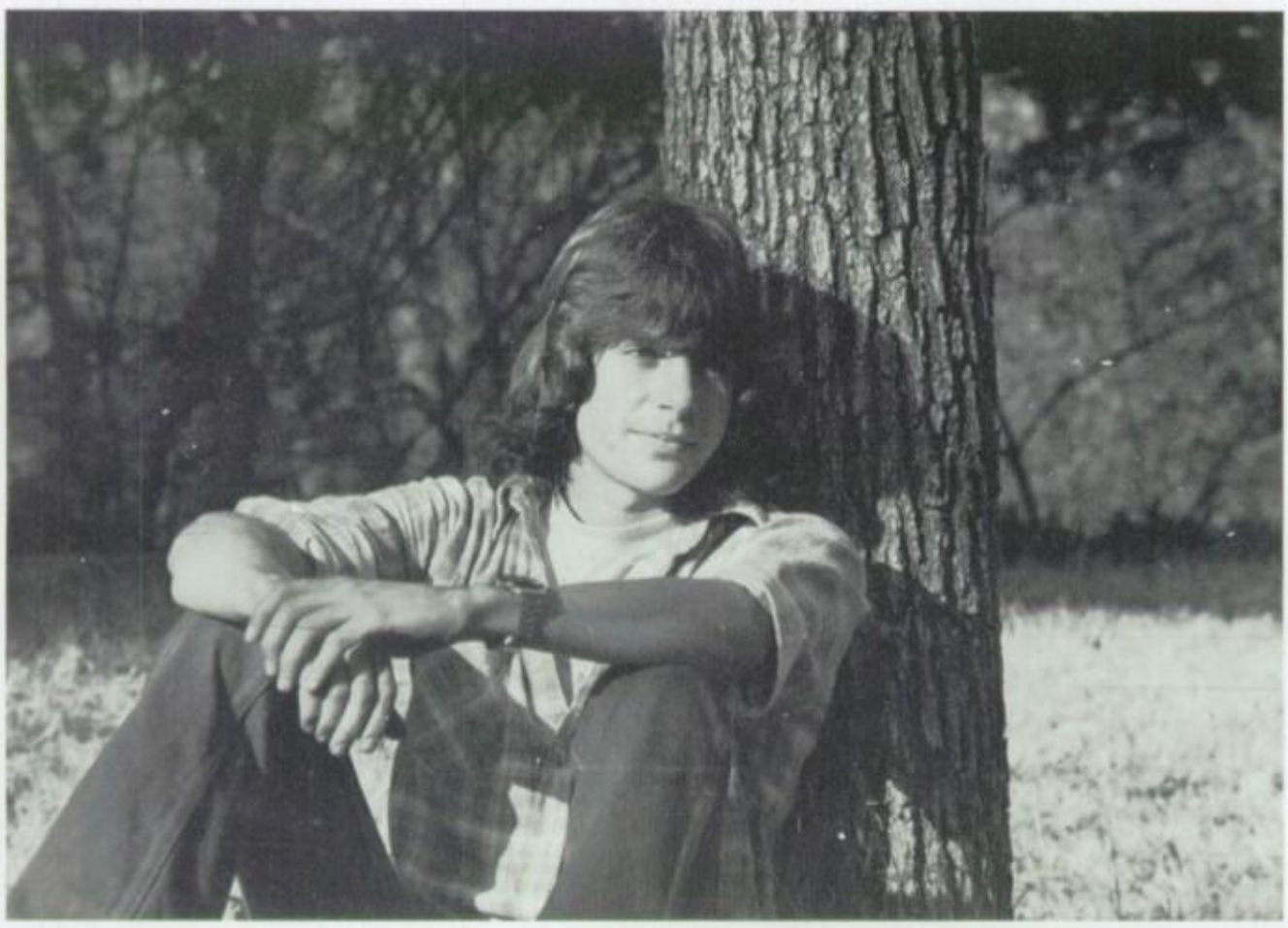
Tara Cohen

"Every show has to end . . . My tune is just beginning."

Anji Olexen

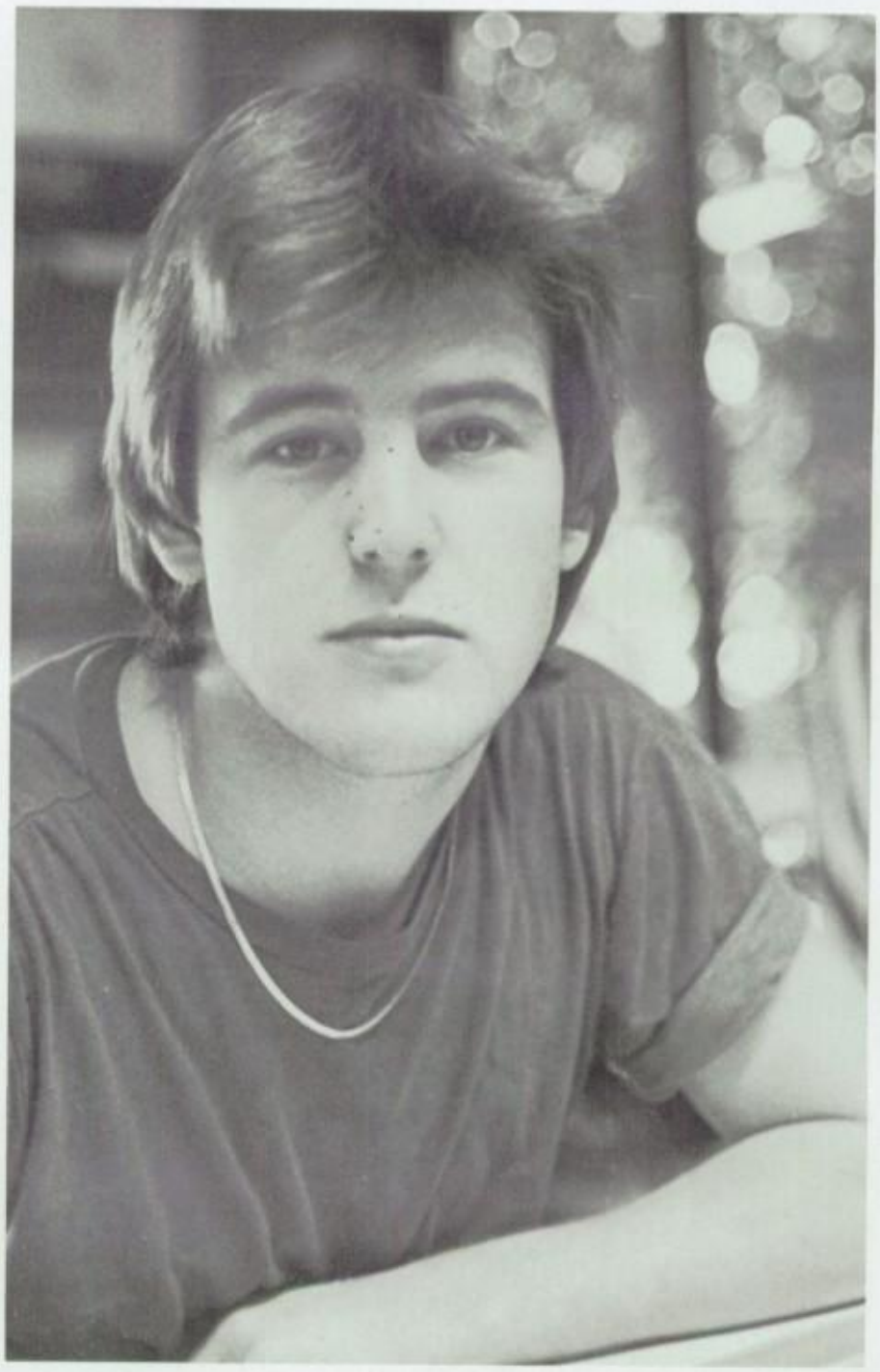
"What is and what never should be."

— Led Zeppelin



Mark Heinrich

Nikki
La Flamme

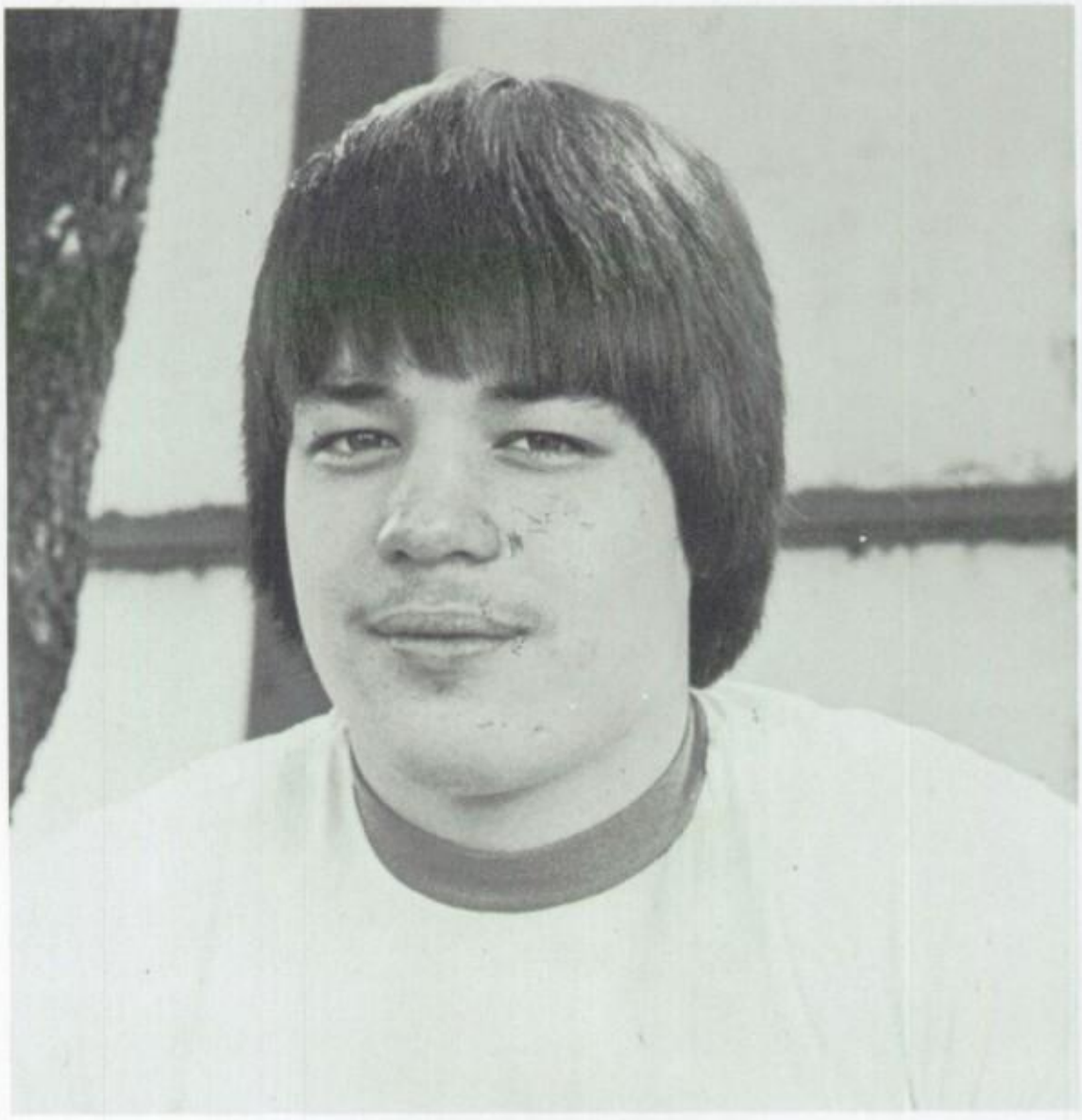


Rob Barry

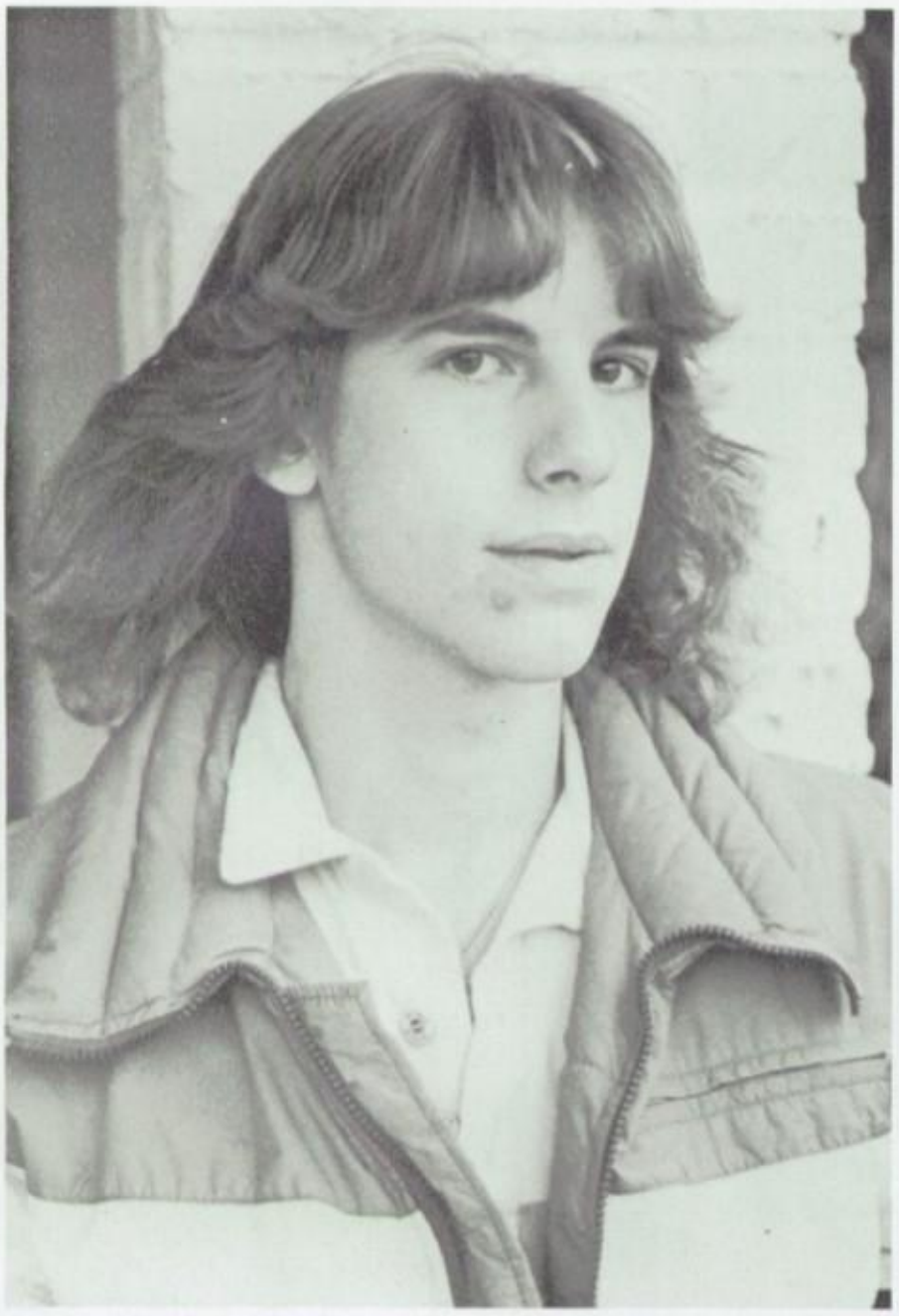
Lisa
Peters

Kyle Cunningham

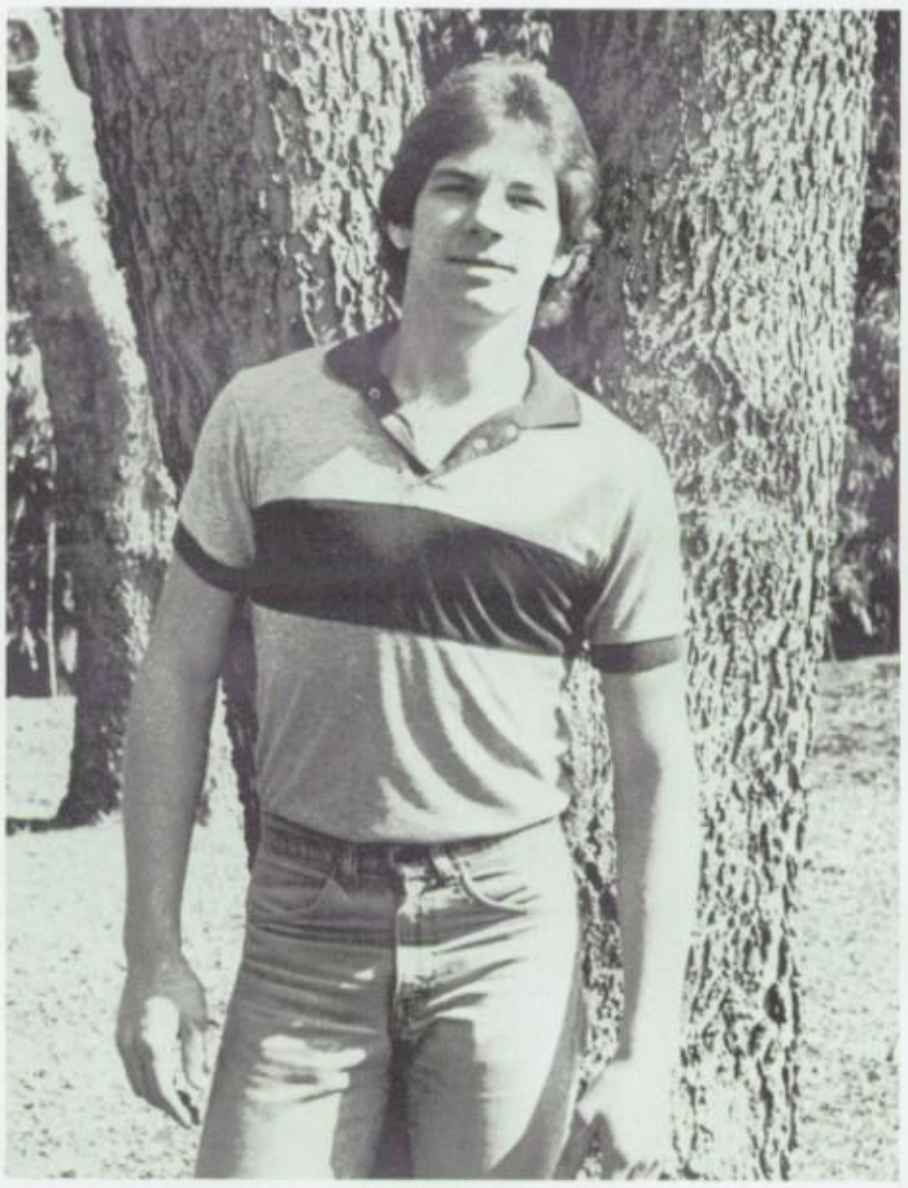
Nick Gurnas
"Never surrender, spread your wings and fly."
— Triumph



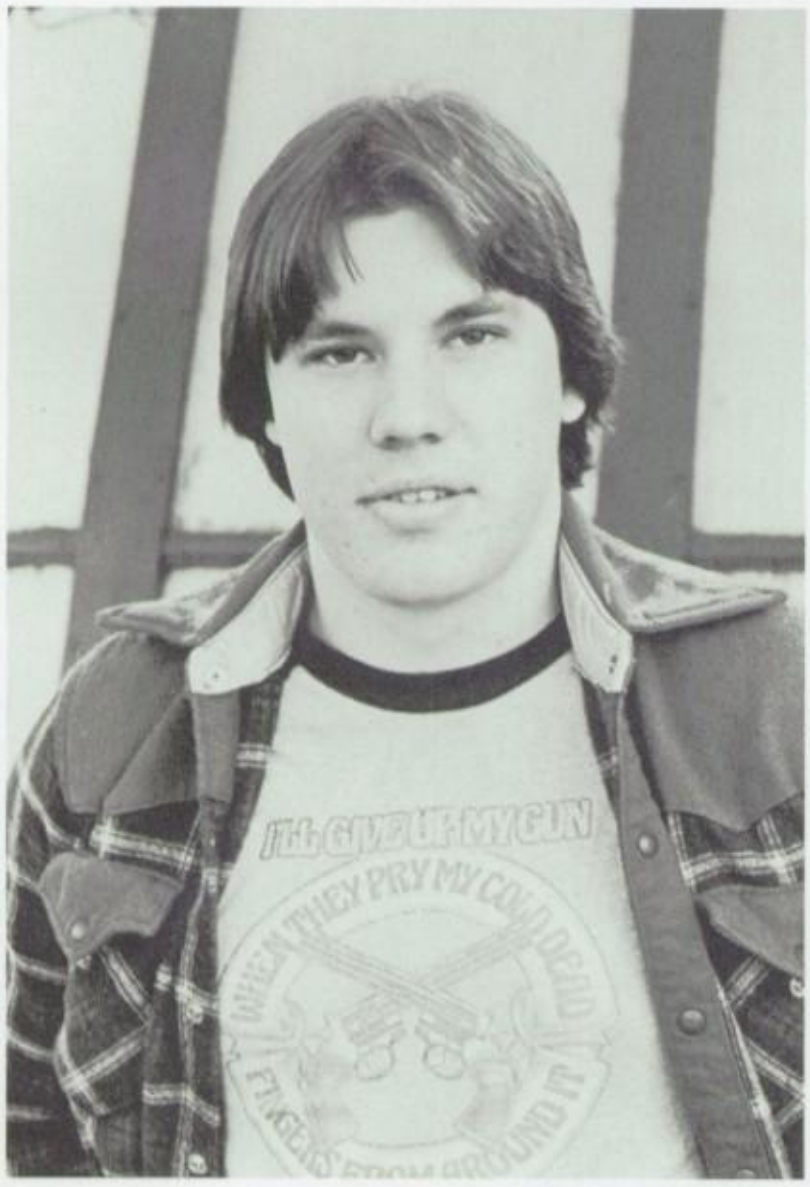
Glenn Williams



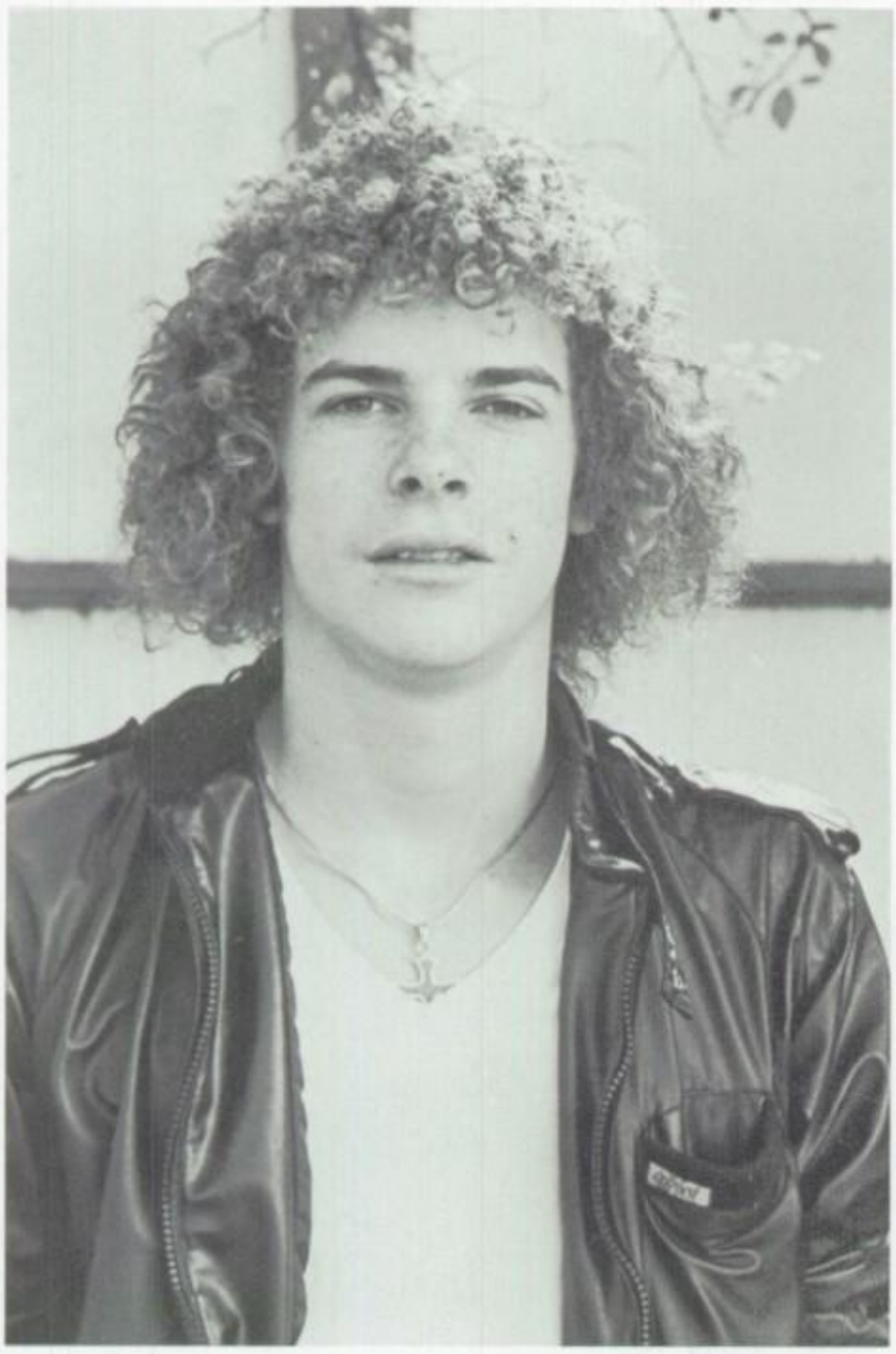
Gary
Balko



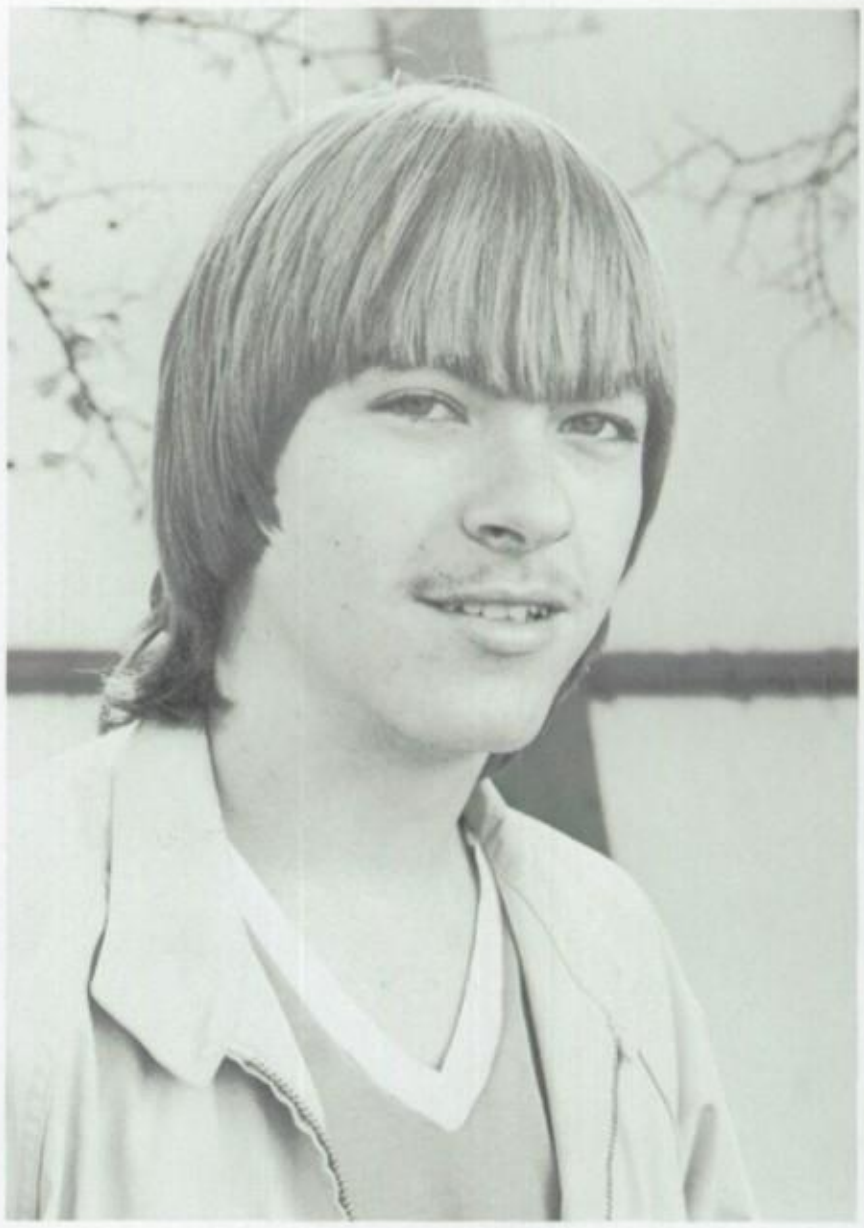
Scott Stewart
"The end is near when the people fear."



Danny
Schultz



Chris McCarty



Clint Davies

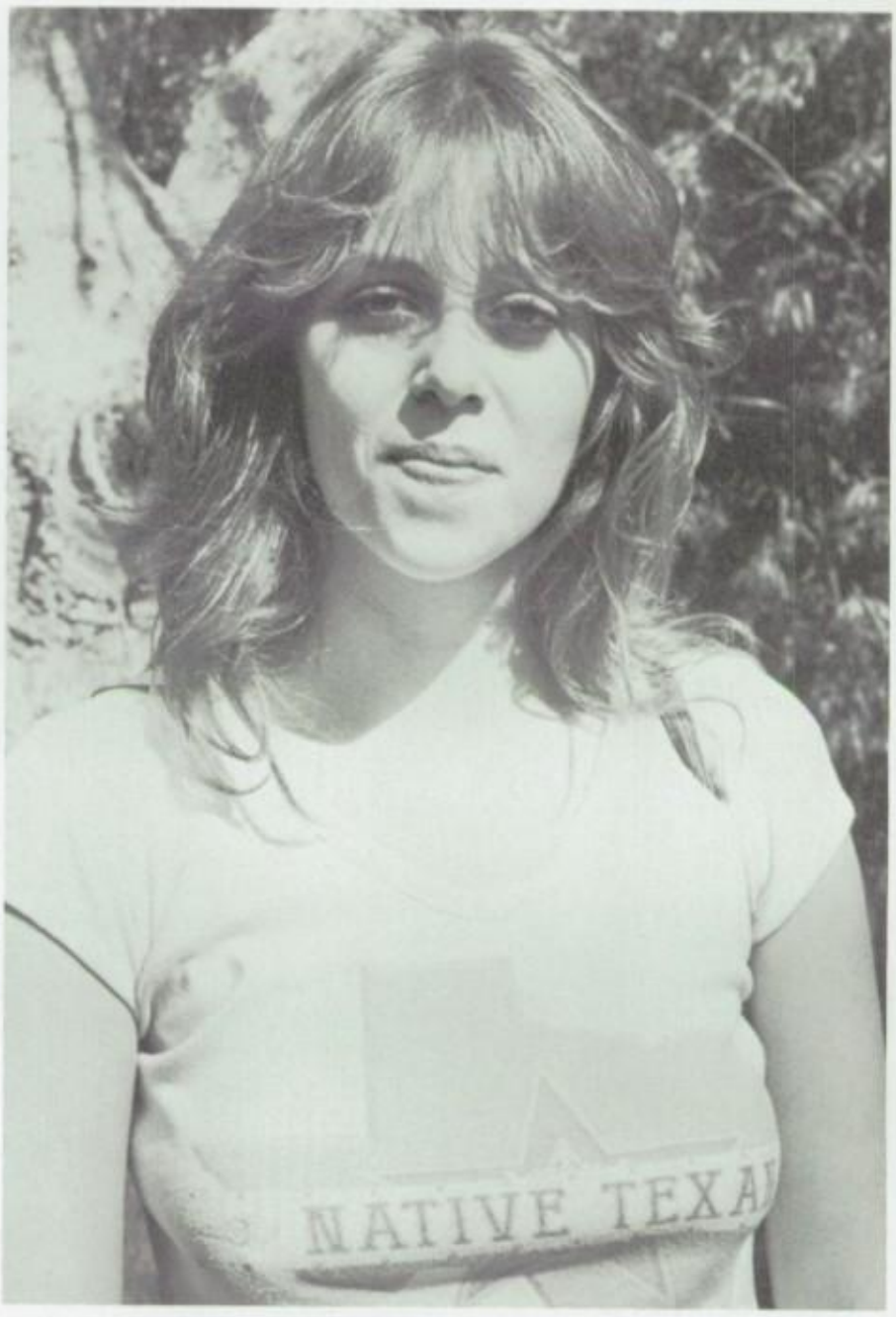
"You won't get wise with the sleep still in your eyes, No matter what your dream may be."

— Rush

"When this you see, remember me, and bear me in your mind. Let all the world say what they may, speak of me as you find."

Abby Rhode

Lance Ayers



Bo Hogan
"All we are saying is Give peace a chance."

Seniors Not Available for Pictures:

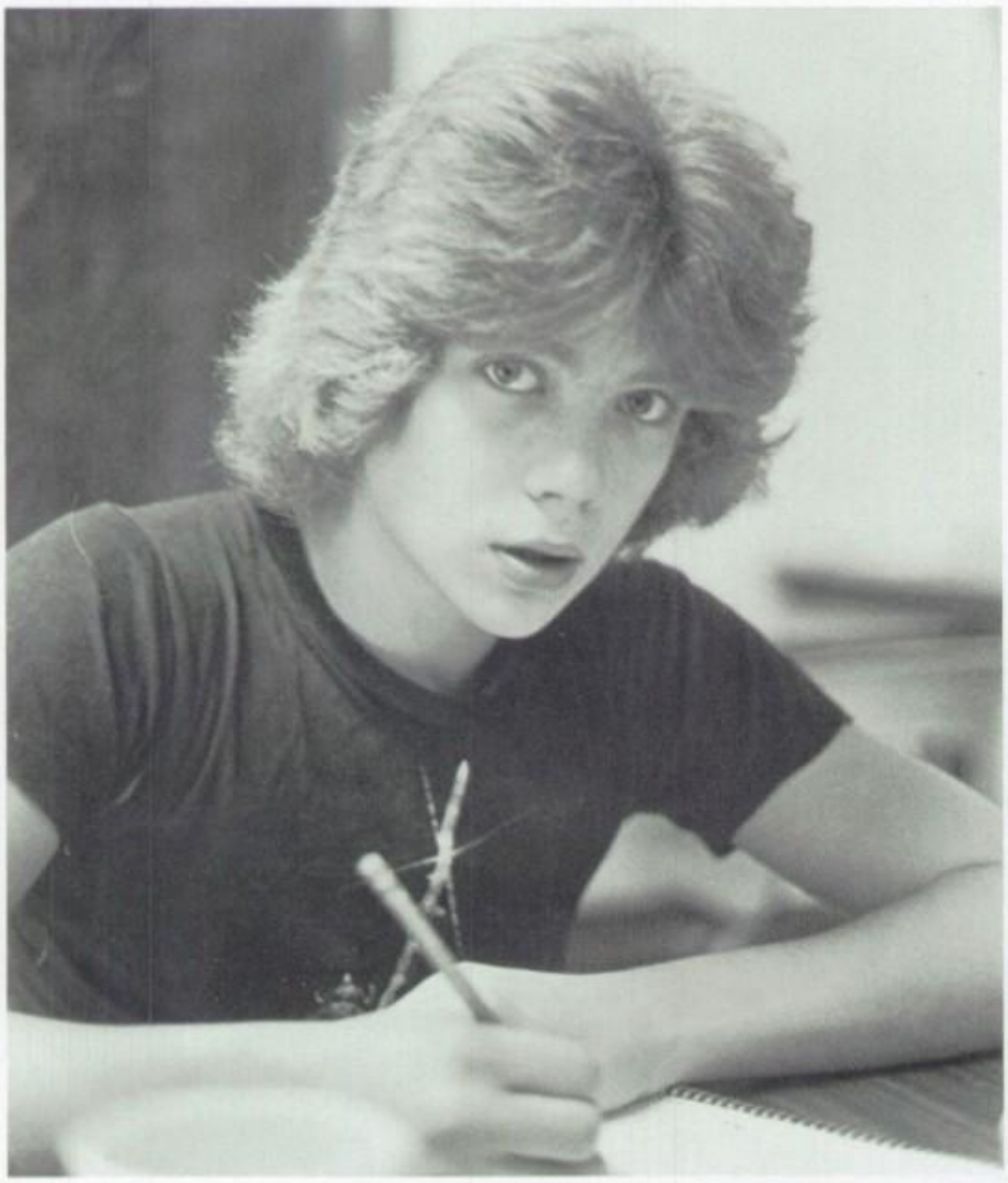
Lance Arnett
Brent Blanton
Denise Grimes
George Hendrick
Julie Hooker
Chelle La Flamme
Steve Muller

UNDERCLASSMEN

Libbie Brende

Mike Bulriss

Lisa Fuerherm



John Mabry

Dee Moore

Damion Molder

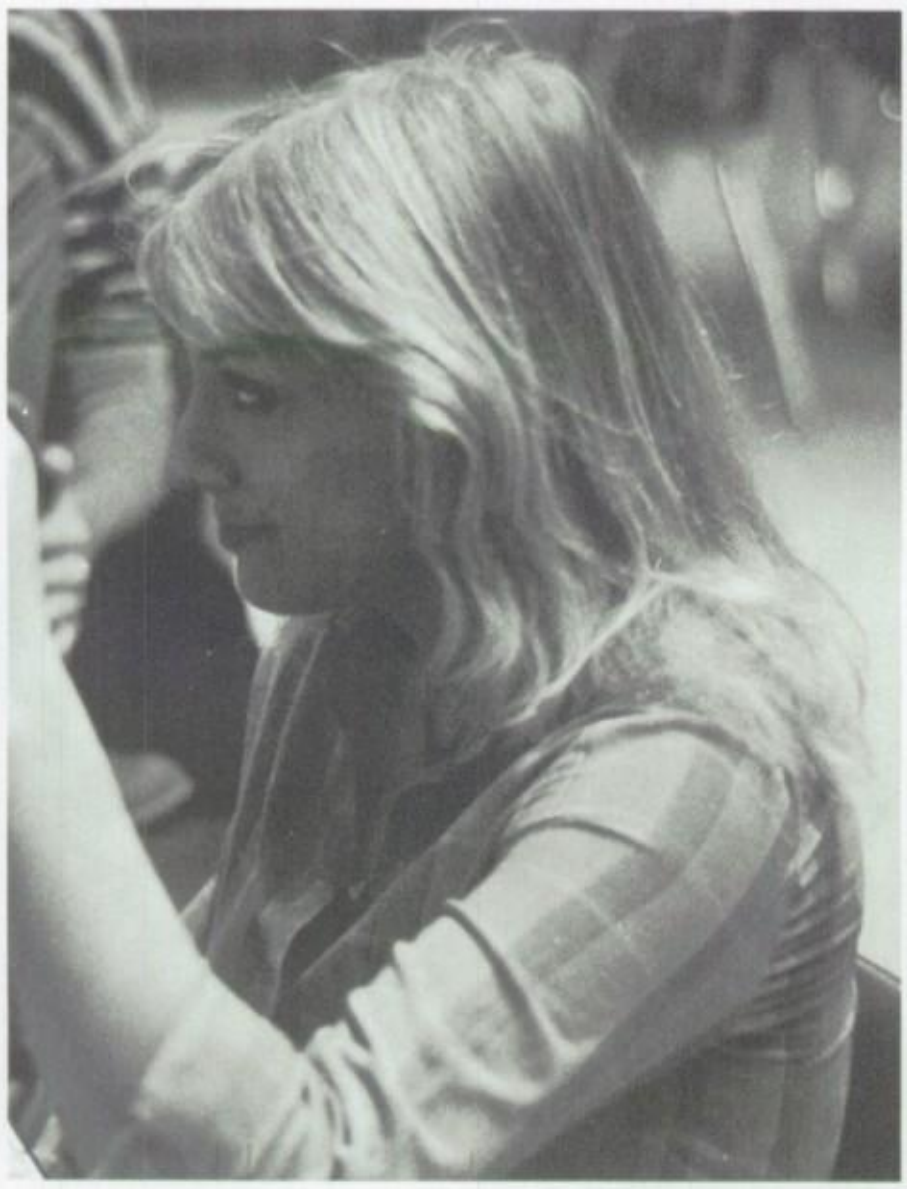
Sean Sykes

Amy Jones

Alan Michlin

Lisa Walls

Cecilia Swift

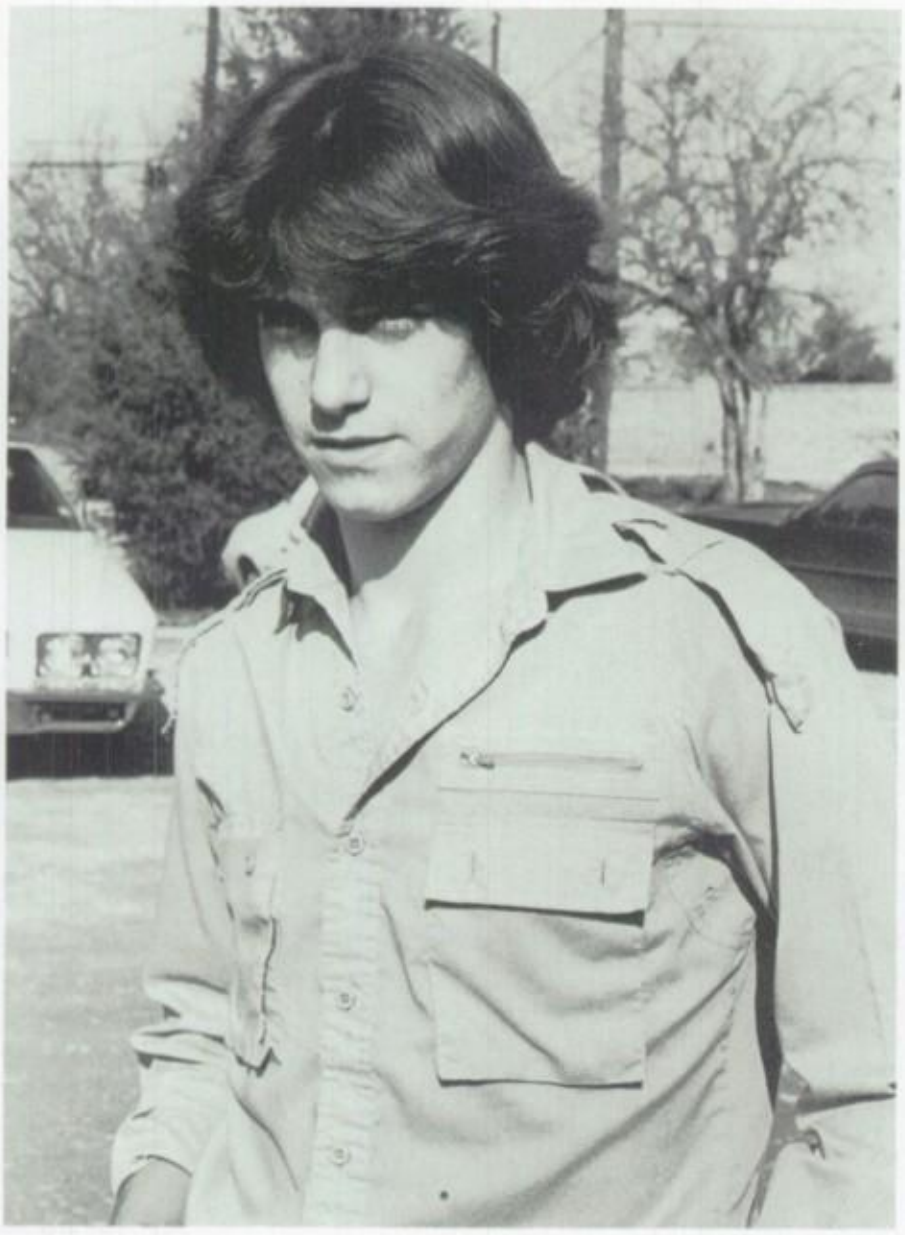


Jeanne Emerson

Karen Wetzel

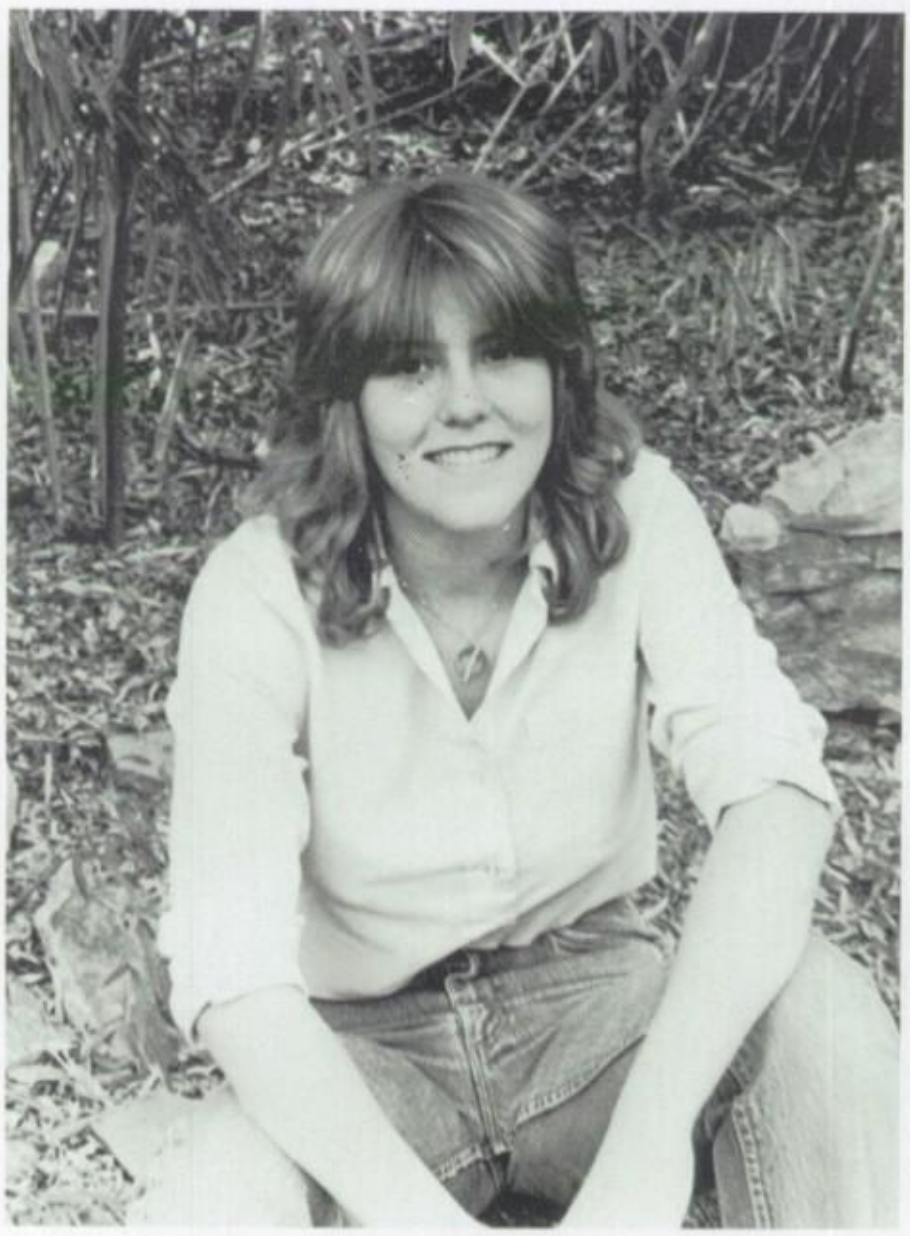
Leslie Lau

Chris Rainho

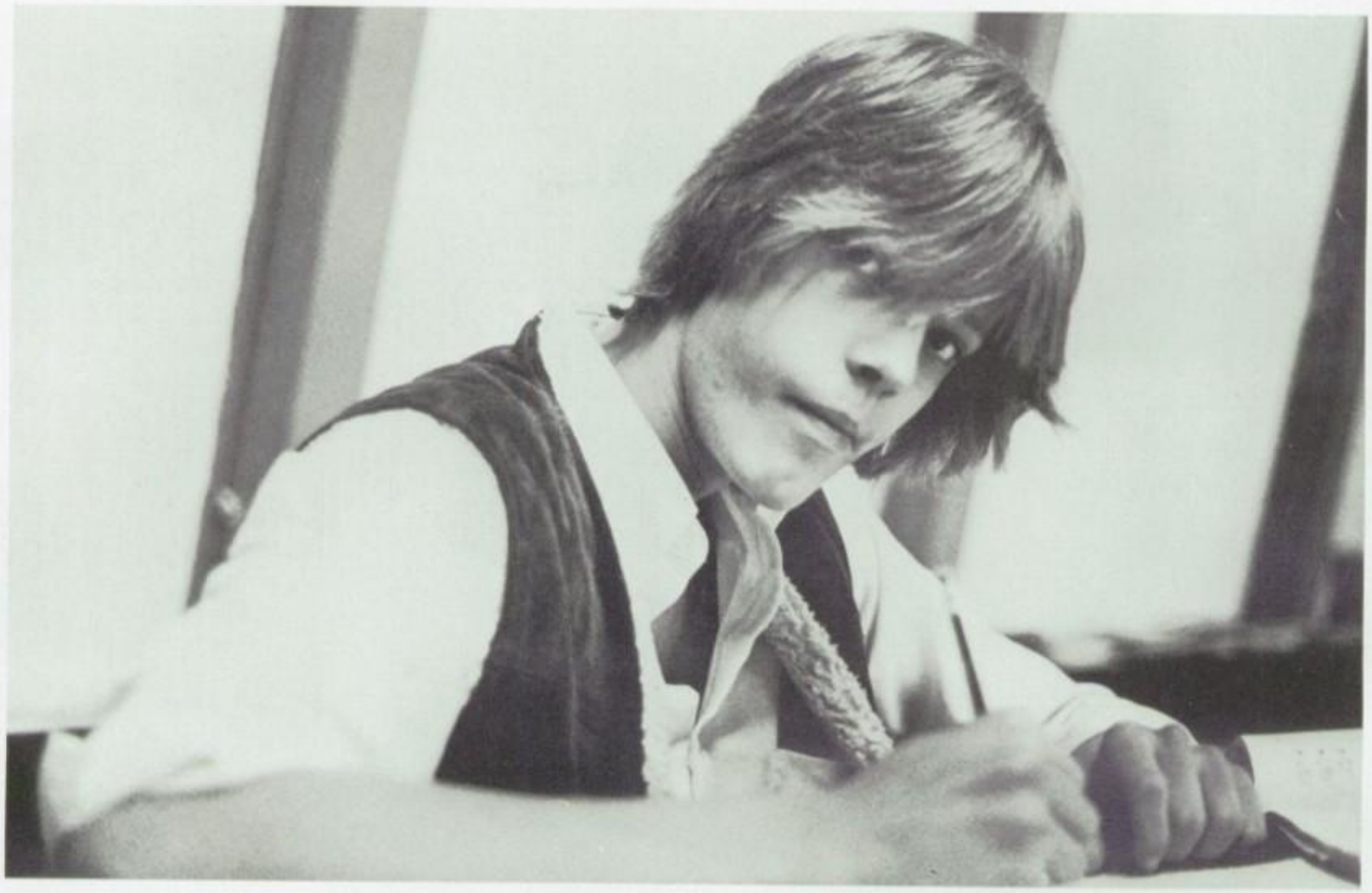


Jim Gilbert

Danny Moon

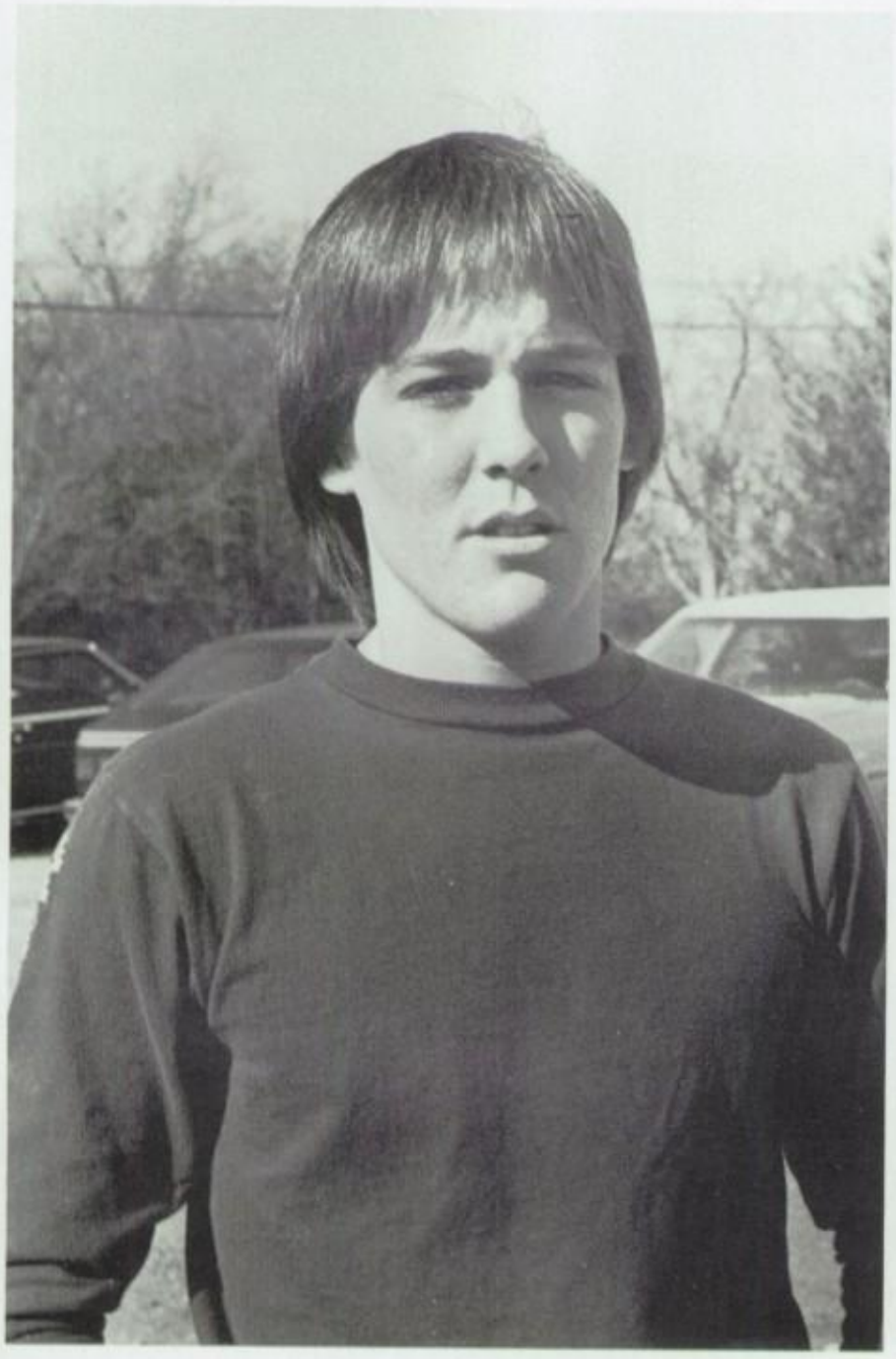


Candi Perdue

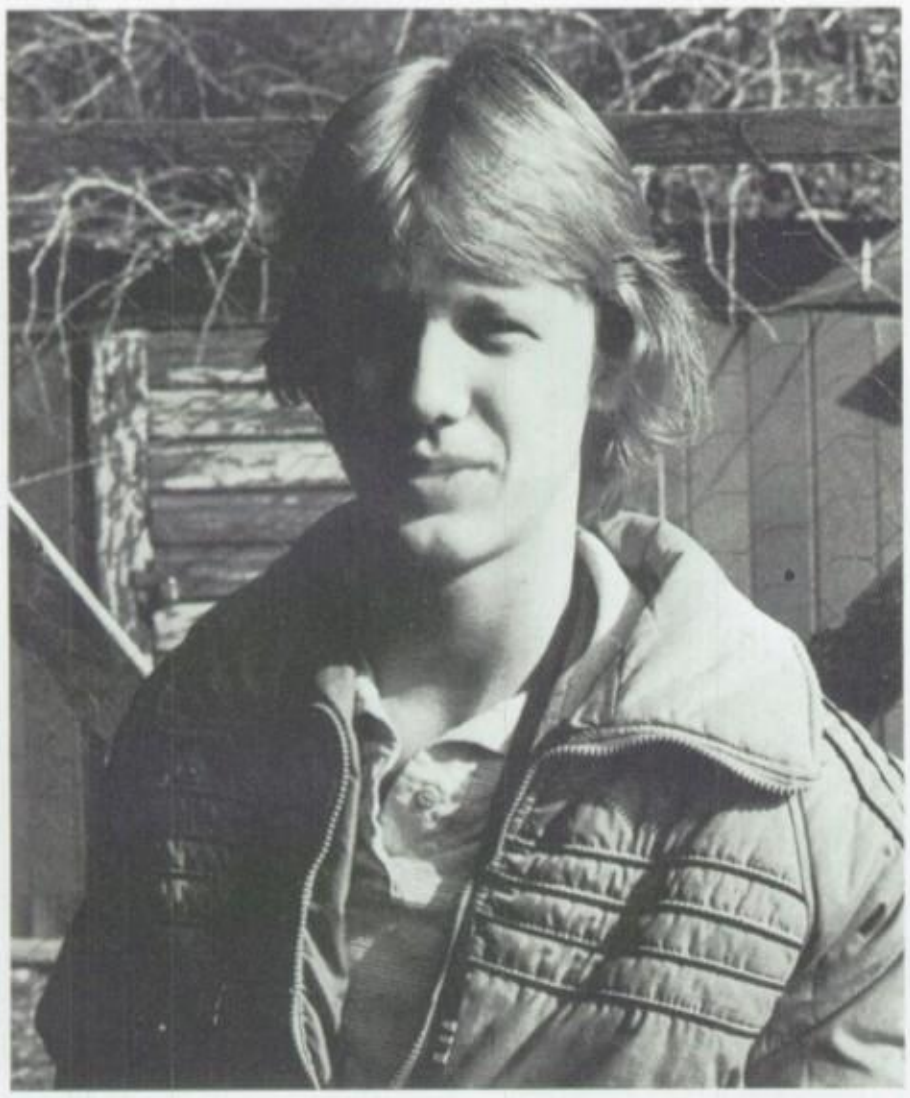


Jim Kerr

Fred Yole



David Brancamp

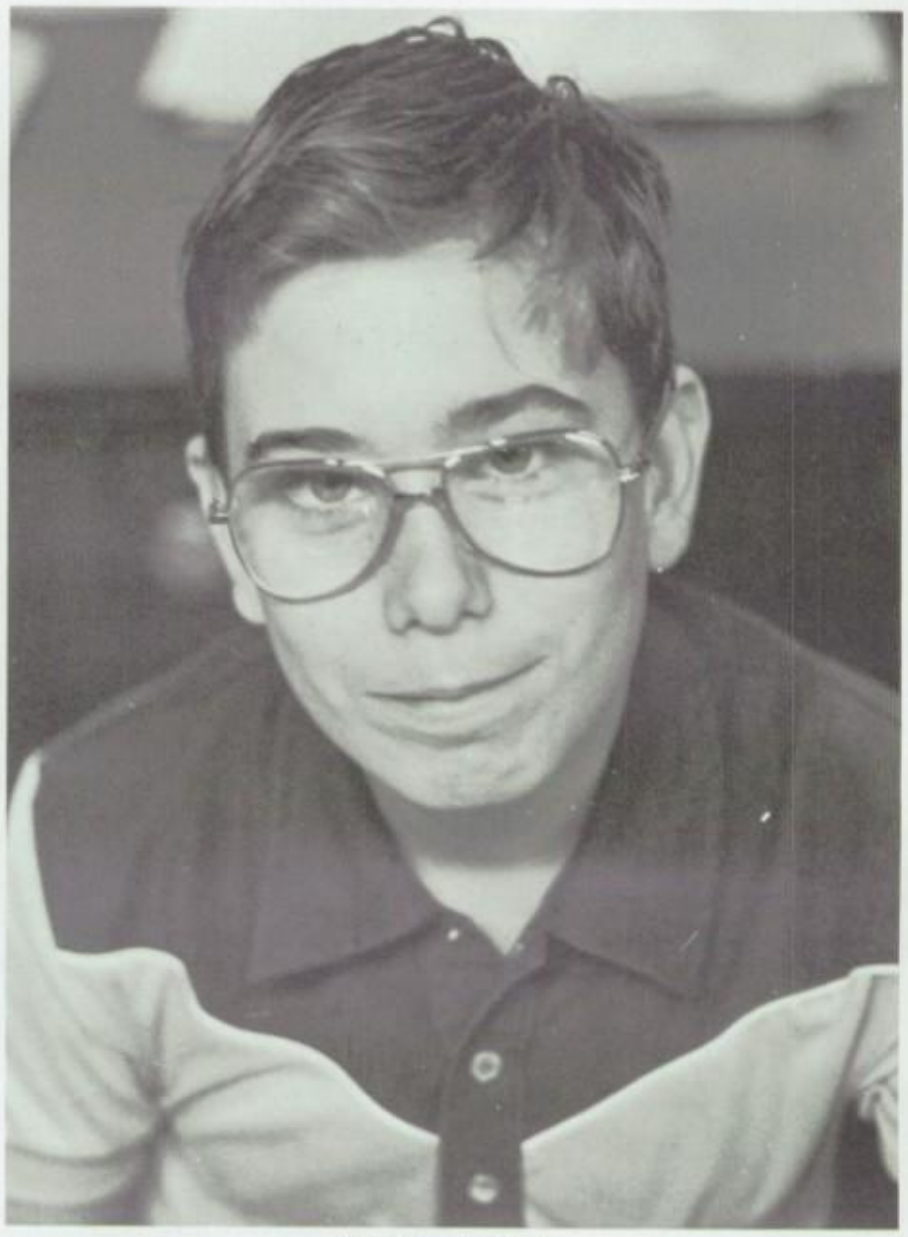


David Shinn

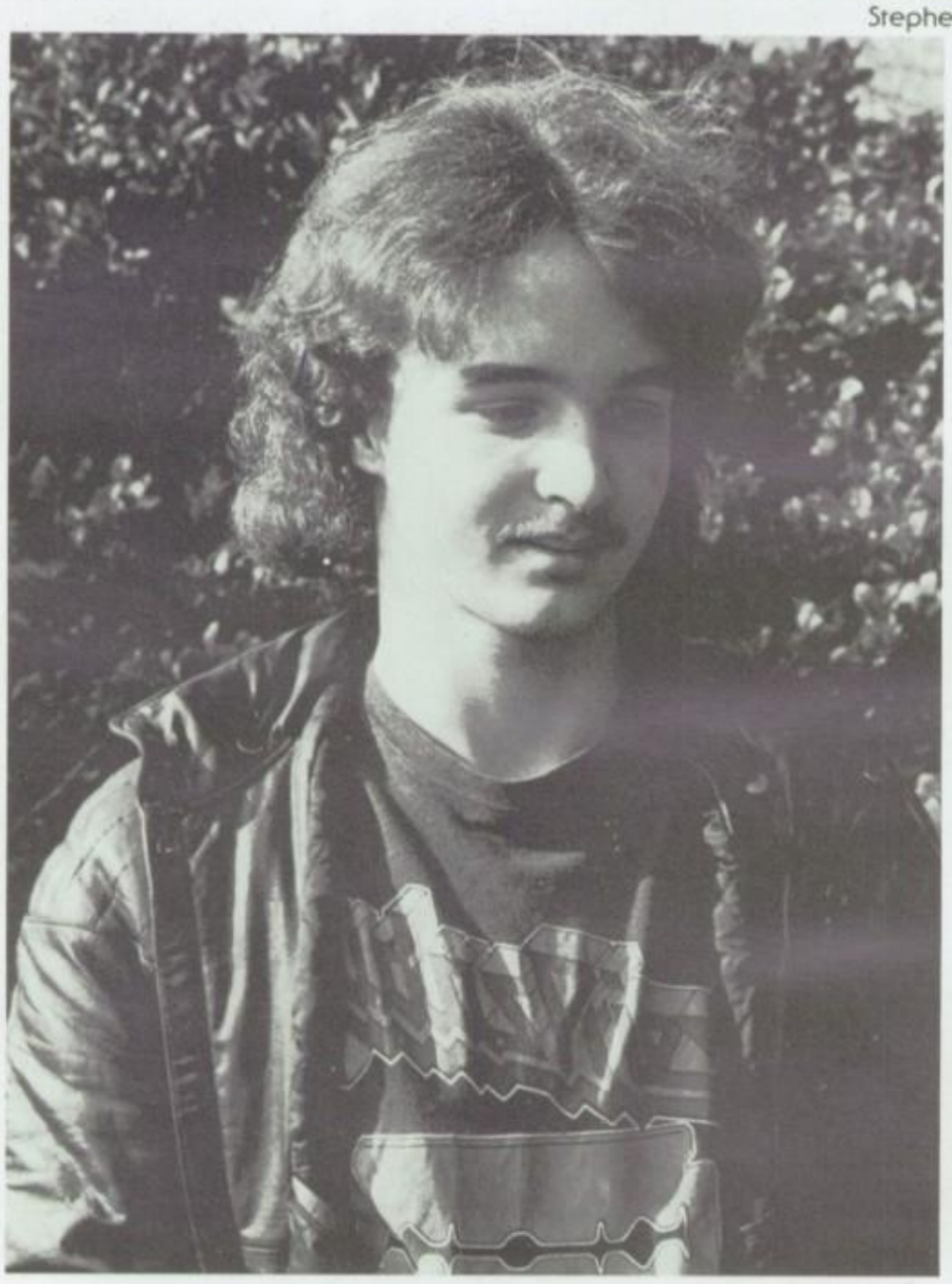
John Smith

Shawn Burge

Steve Kuehler



Stephen Presley



Bart Kennamer

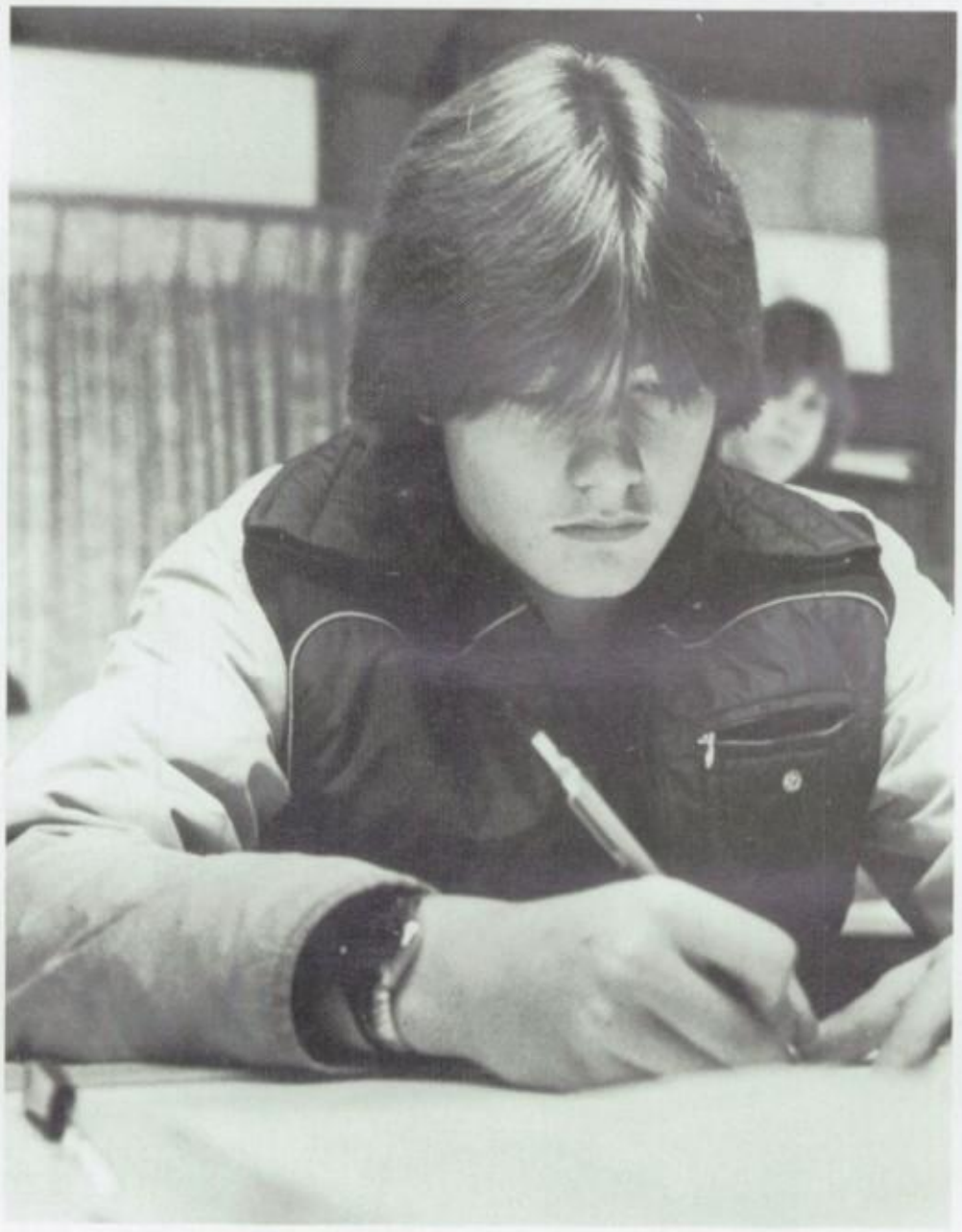
Sarah Morris

Pat Sheppard

Jon Hutchinson

Debbie Lendhardt

Rachel Moran



Derek James

Tony Babaa

Jackie Roper

Lori McCormick

Tommy Litvay

Melissa Clifford

David Sheffield

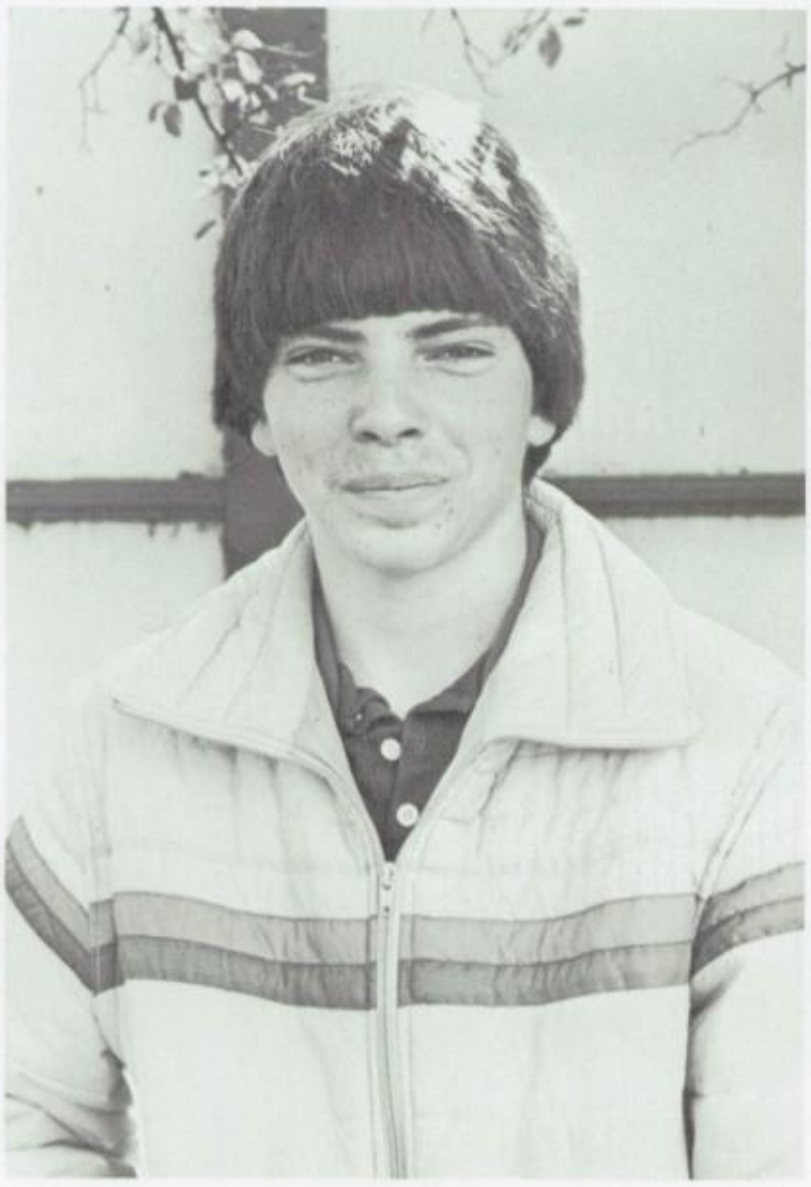
Rob Young

Jennifer Derby

Cherie Stewart

Vonda Welch

Rhonda Welch



Grant Linsley

Brad Scott

James Bolick

Debbie Unger

Roy Sledge

Not Available for Picture:

Ann Clark
Marc Cockerham
Lisee Molder
Bill Robertson
Jack Robertson
Troy Staggs
Donnie Wells

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Alex Rainho — Design
Debbie Unger — Journalism
Shelly Cooper — Ad's
Abby Rhode — Journalism
David Shinn — Photography
Lance Alers — Photography
Danny Ogilvia — Photography

Another Year Well Done WALDEN TEACHERS

Michael Flanagan
Pamela Francis
Sandi Goodin
Stephen Houpt
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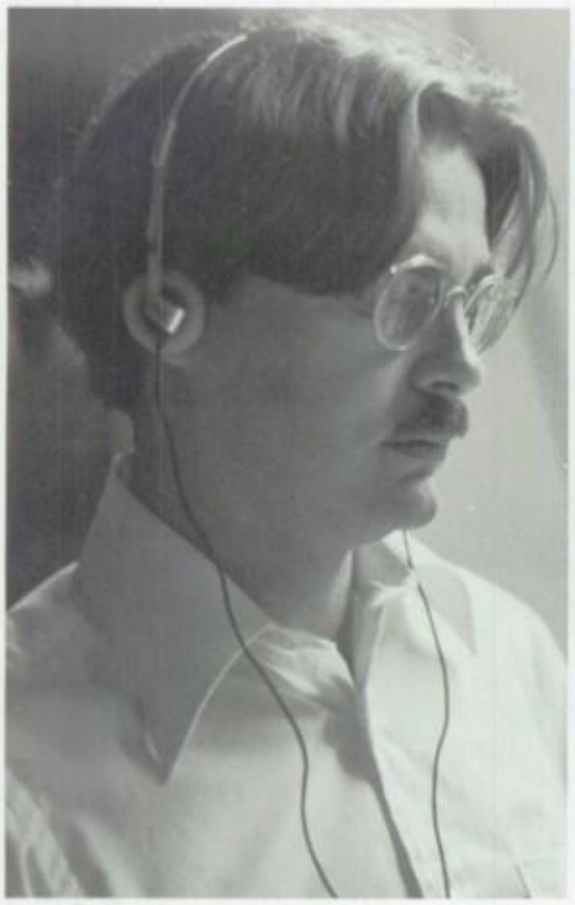
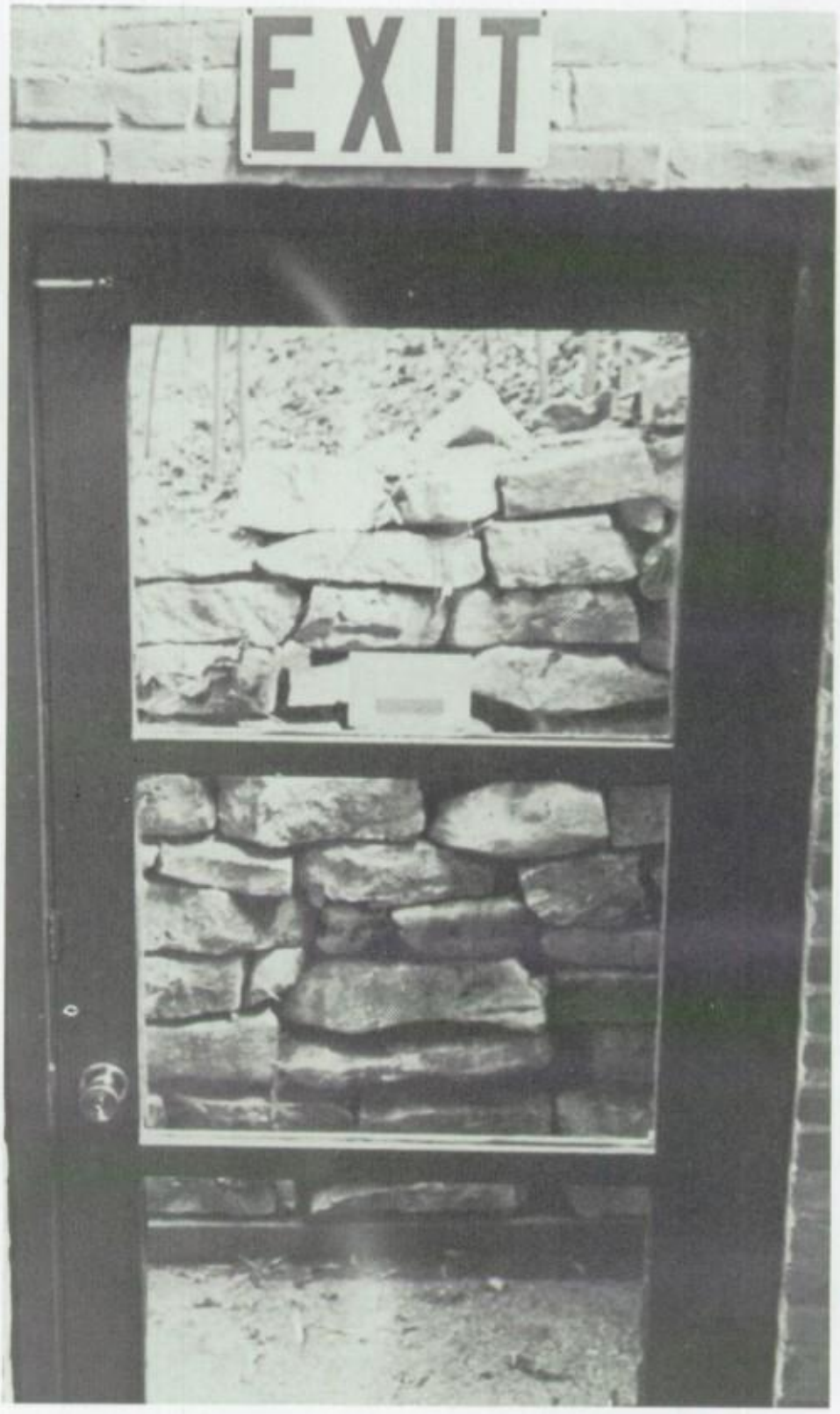
Gwendy Janake
Ann Key
Fred
Marie Loar
Earsley Matlock
Tammy Rushing
Linda Shasberger
Larry Stone
Pamela Stone



Do not forget
to
AGITATE

DARKROOM
KEEP DOOR CLOSED

WALDEN
PREPARATORY
SCHOOL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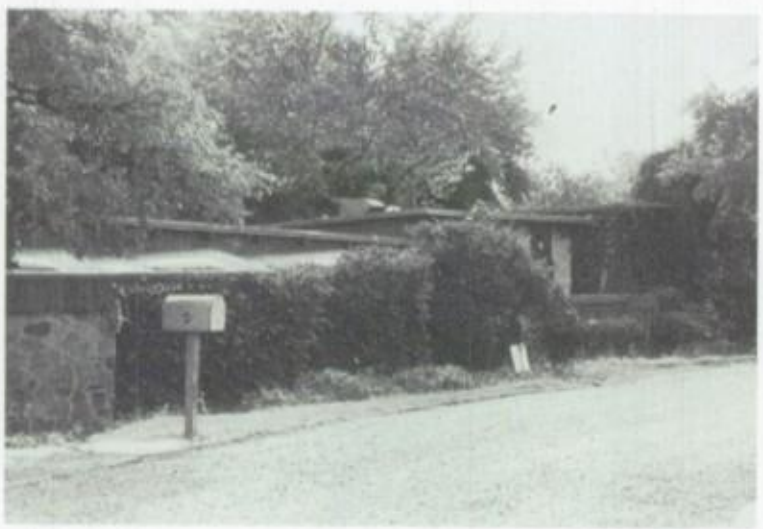


Joe Namath

Dolly Parton

Ronnie Milsap

Lesley Gore

Nancy Allen

Laraine Day

Thomas Hill

Moore

Jaqui Roper

- * Oscar the Grouch -

Black Sabbath

Burt Reynolds

Lainie Kazan

John Malloy

Jim Nabors

Lisa Fuerherm

Dori

Sandy Duncan

Ted Moore

Mike Nichols

Ann Morrison

Jack Robertson

Gwendy Johnson

Cecilia

Tracy Williamson

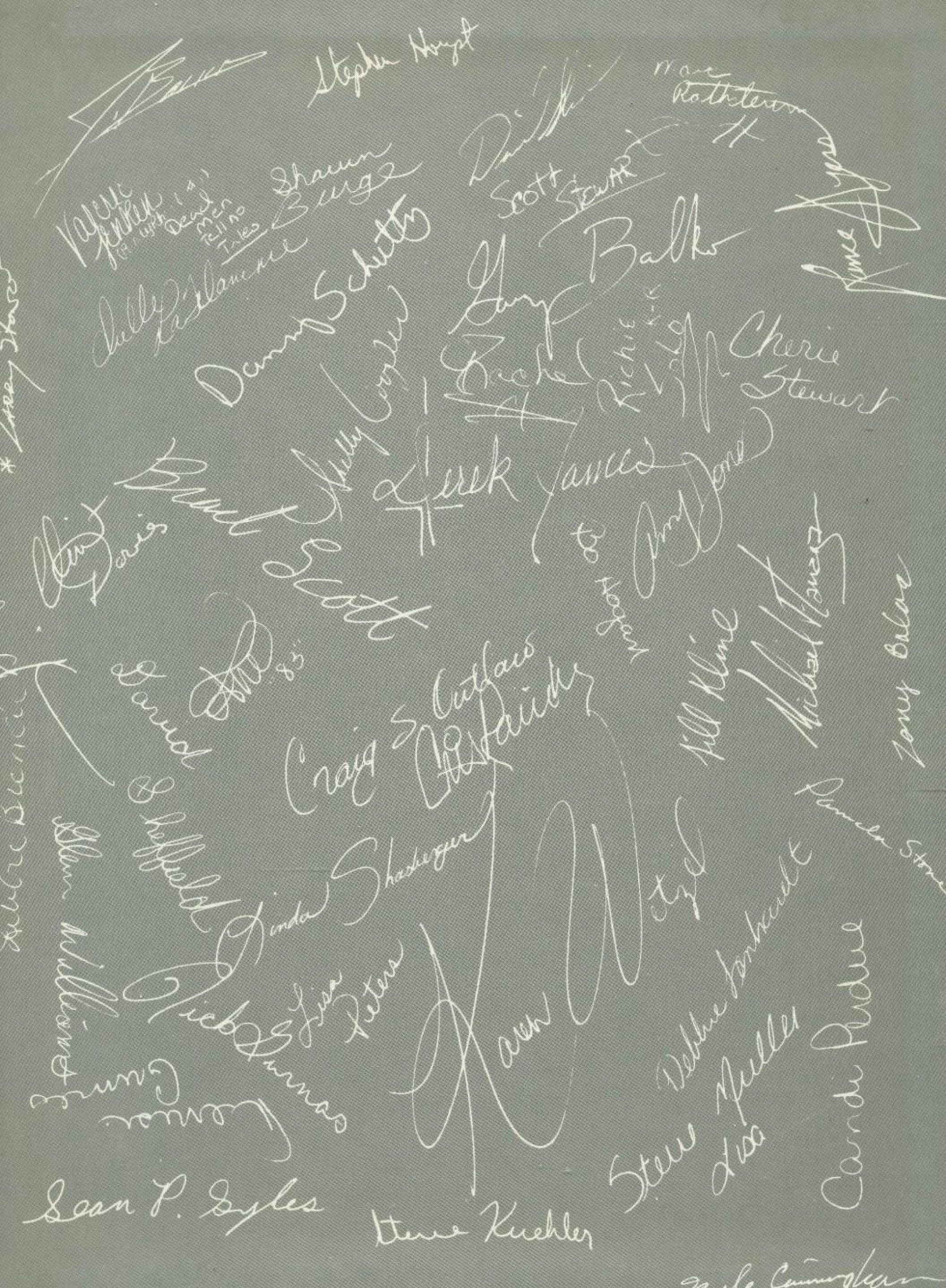
Janis Joplin

Sandi McKean Gordin

WALDEN H.S. GRAD. (J.H.)

ZIGGY STARDUST

Mike Bullis


Stephen Knight
Shawn Berge
Dawn Schultz
Scott Stewart
Gary Ballou
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Craig Outlaw
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Lisa Peters
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82-83